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WHEN THEY WERE BOYS

By
CARROLL EVERETT
AND
CHARLES FRANCIS REED

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES E. BRACKER

EDITED BY
HELEN MILDRED OWEN
MARY E. OWEN

F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
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D. A. FRASER, MANAGER

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PREFACE

This book contains twenty-four boyhood stories of celebrated present-day Americans. The characters have been selected from many walks of life, our aim being to choose representative men in various activities. All of these men have achieved success and prominence, many of them rising from humble beginnings.

Certain outstanding characteristics in the boyhood of these men were responsible in a great part for their future success. Such characteristics are worthy of emulation by the boys and girls of to-day.

Many of these men, in their boyhood, overcame great obstacles: some of them were very poor, some were unable to go to school, and some lacked physical endurance. But they were all able to rise above these

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conditions and forge ahead toward their goal.

It is our desire to place these stories before the boys and girls of to-day in order that they may realize that it is possible to surmount any obstacle in the path of success.

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Foreword

A wise man once remarked, "The boy is father to the man." He meant that the traits developed in boyhood make a man a success or a failure in life.

In looking over the lives of the men who have become famous because of their good works, it is surprising to find that most of these men showed similar qualities of character when they were boys.

To begin with, only the boys who have been willing to work hard have finally succeeded. Many of our famous men were poor boys, but not all of them. Yet the men who have made good really labored no matter if their fathers were rich or poor.

Another quality that most great men have shown in their youth was a love of the out-of-doors. That kept them pure minded, made

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them realize the beautiful things of life, and also made their bodies clean and strong.

Nearly every man who has succeeded has done so in spite of trials. Success has never come to them in a minute. They have been willing to work,—and wait. That does not mean that they sat around waiting for someone else to make an effort for them; it means that they did not give up after the first failure.

The great man always plays square; so does the boy who aspires to be a success in life. He never shirks his job, but does it perfectly. If he meets with success then he is ready for the next job; if he meets with failure then he tries again.

All of the boys who have succeeded have worked hard with their studies, and really learned—not merely to pass an examination, but to gather knowledge.

The boy who succeeds is the boy who starts to be a success when he is still a boy. He trains himself to think right and to act right, he builds his body and mind, and he works.

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WHEN THEY WERE BOYS

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THOMAS A. EDISON—
THE BOY WHO ALWAYS FINISHED WHATEVER HE STARTED

ONE day during the critical period of the Civil War, a newsboy in Detroit went into the office where he daily obtained his supply of papers.

"What is the news?" he questioned.

"Haven't you heard?" asked another newsboy who stood near by. "There has just been a big battle at Pittsburg Landing."

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, and he extracted a pencil from his pocket and began to make some calculations.

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"What are you trying to figure out, Tom?" the other boy asked.

"How many papers I shall need to-day," he replied, as he turned and approached the circulation manager's desk.

"I want one thousand newspapers," said young Edison.

The circulation manager of the *Detroit Free Press* looked in amazement at the freckle-faced lad who made this astonishing request.

"Have you the money?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Edison.

"Then get out."

The boy went directly upstairs to the office of the publisher.

"I want fifteen hundred papers, Mr. Storey," said the boy. Then he explained that the people along the line of the railroad where he had a run as train newsboy would be eager to get the news of the battle of Pittsburg Landing.

"Can you pay for them?" asked Mr. Storey.

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"As soon as I sell them," answered the boy. Mr. Storey wrote something on a slip of paper and the boy took it down to the circulation manager.

"*Fifteen* hundred!" growled the man. "I thought you only wanted a thousand!"

"Oh, I thought I might as well be refused fifteen hundred papers as a thousand," grinned the boy. And that is the spirit that helped Thomas Edison, the world's greatest inventor, to success.

Tom knew that the people along the line would be anxious to hear the news. He had no money, but he had courage and, what is better, the habit of thinking things out, that is, of thinking ahead. Usually he sold about sixty papers along this train route. How could he sell fifteen hundred?

He had thought that all out in advance. He went to a telegraph operator who was fond of reading, and said to him, "If you will wire ahead to every stop that there has been a big battle and that I am coming with papers telling the story and giving a list of the dead and

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wounded, I will send you a daily paper and two magazines a month for six months." Thus bargained young Edison.

"I will do it," agreed the operator.

When young Edison reached his first stop, Utica, there was a large crowd of people waiting at the station.

"At first I thought the crowd was going on an excursion," said Mr. Edison in relating the incident, "but I soon realized that they were waiting for the papers. I sold more than half of my papers there, and at Mount Clemens and Port Huron I sold the remainder.

Thomas Alva Edison was born in Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847. He lived there until he was seven years old, at which time his family moved to Port Huron, Michigan. He was a very energetic and industrious boy.

Young Edison had frequently noticed how eager the railroad men were for news. They often sat and talked about railroad affairs by the hour. So he bought an old hand press and some type, set it up in one of the

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"I Want Fifteen Hundred Papers, Mr. Storey," Said The Boy. "Can You Pay For Them?" Asked Mr. Storey. "As Soon As I Sell Them," He Replied.

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baggage cars where he kept his papers, and started the *Grand Trunk Herald,* the first newspaper in the world printed on a train in motion. It was not long before three boys were helping him, and he was printing four hundred copies a week. If Brakeman Jim Jones was promoted, or locomotive No. 99928 blew out a cylinder, he put it in his paper; and the men liked to read it.

One day when young Edison was experimenting with chemicals, he tipped over a bottle of phosphorus which set the car afire. He put the fire out, but the conductor, who disliked him, threw off his printing press, chemicals, and papers at the next stop and boxed his ears so hard that he became deaf.

One day a few weeks later the little two-year-old son of the telegraph operator at Mount Clemens was sitting in the middle of a track down which a string of cars was being shunted. Instead of shouting and frightening the baby, young Edison jumped from the baggage-car door where he was standing and threw the baby off the track.

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"I am a poor man," said the telegraph operator, "but you are welcome to the few hundred dollars I have saved."

"I do not want your money, but I would like to have you teach me how to send telegraph messages," replied young Edison. In two months' time, Thomas Edison became a capable telegraph operator.

With only a dollar in his pocket, he reached New York City, looking for work. Three nights he slept on park benches. One day he went without food. While he was in the office of a gold and stock indicator company the stock ticker stopped and there was great excitement.

He said, "I think I can fix it for you." He opened the ticker, lifted a loose contact spring that had fallen between the wheels, and it started up again.

Just as he did this the man who had a big interest in the ticker service saw him. "We are having trouble with this service. If you can keep it going for us I will give you three hundred dollars a month," he said.

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"I was amazed when I heard this," Mr. Edison said later, "but I remained calm and agreed to do it, demanding an advance in 'good faith.' I really did not want it for 'good faith' but for food, as I had not eaten for nearly thirty hours."

Mr. Edison learned why the ticker would not work well and improved it, securing a patent. When the company asked him for how much he would sell it, he thought of asking five thousand dollars. "I will let the company make the first offer," he said to himself. They gave him forty thousand dollars; so he made exactly thirty-five thousand dollars by using his judgment.

All the world knows of his rapid rise after that. This money enabled him to build a laboratory and carry on experiments. He has invented the quadruplex telegraph, the incandescent light, the phonograph, moving pictures, speaking parts of the telephone, appliances for use on electric railways, storage batteries, and scores of other great things.

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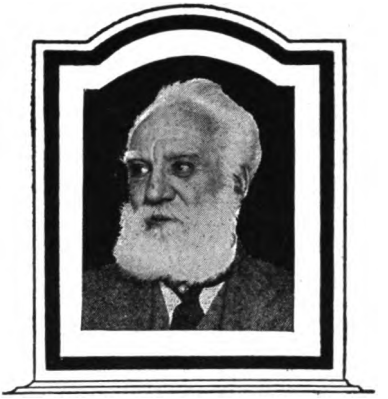

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Alexander Graham Bell—
Who Invented the Telephone

WHEN Alexander Graham Bell was a young boy he often went out into the country not far from his home in Edinburgh, Scotland, to play near a grist-mill with the son of the miller.

The miller said one day, "Boys, you should never allow your hands to be idle all day. I have been watching you at play, and now I want you to help me remove the husks from this wheat."

The boys were a little surprised at the miller's request but as they were enterpris-

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ing and not in the least afraid of work, they did as the miller told them to do.

It was not an easy task. In a few minutes young Bell began to think how hard it was to husk wheat, how it hurt his fingers, which were unused to such work, and how much better it would be if he were to work with a small hand brush instead of with his fingers.

That afternoon when he went home he thought a great deal about husking wheat. He took a small brush and went again to the mill. Yes, the husks did come off quite easily with the aid of the brush, and he found that now he could do two or three times as much work.

When he had proved the value of his idea to his own satisfaction, he began to wonder if it would not be possible to put the wheat into the large tank with a paddle wheel which he had observed in the mill. Certainly, the motion of the paddle wheel would brush off the husks. When young Bell presented his idea to the miller, the miller was very much pleased and had the experiment

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made. This was found to be a very successful method.

Such was the first invention of Alexander Graham Bell. He later became one of the greatest inventors the world has ever known. His wonderful invention, the telephone, makes it possible for us to talk across continents, and is one of the greatest aids to our modern business and home life.

Alexander Graham Bell was the son of a college professor, Alexander Melville Bell. The young man was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 3, 1847, and went to school in that city. The father was a teacher of elocution. His great interest was in correcting defective speech. He predicted that by the use of the symbols which he had devised for this purpose, persons who were born deaf might be taught to speak.

The father's work had a great influence upon the boy, who became interested in teaching speech to the deaf. He spent much time in working out experiments in this direction. Wire and the wonders of electric-

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ity also interested him. He had a workshop fitted up in his home where he carefully studied this fascinating science.

When he was about twenty years of age young Bell entered London University. Three years later the family moved to Canada. Alexander Bell lived there two years and then came to the United States, settling in Boston. He had been called there to introduce his system of teaching deaf mutes. He soon became a professor in Boston University.

He was still interested in the science of electricity, and he began to puzzle over the problem of inventing a multiple telegraph wire, one over which several messages could be sent at the same time. It was when he was working on this idea that he first thought of the telephone.

At this time he remarked to an authority on electricity that he had an idea for sending the voice over a wire, but that he could not work it out as he had not sufficient electrical knowledge to perfect it.

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"Well, get the knowledge," the man told him. This was good advice for young Bell, or any other boy.

Alexander Graham Bell took the advice that was offered him, and started to work. He knew a great deal about sound and vibrations, but he needed some one to help him construct the apparatus which was required for his experiments. This need was supplied when he met a young man named Thomas A. Watson, who was destined to be Mr. Bell's associate in the discovery of the telephone.

The two young men spent every minute of their spare time in experimenting. They had rooms in the same lodging house, and fitted up a wire from one room to the other. The first fruit of their labor came on the evening of June 2, 1875, when the wires actually carried a sound.

For a long time young Bell worked out plans for a sound box. He put his plans on paper and had Mr. Watson construct the box accordingly. On March 7, 1876, what has

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been called "the most valuable single patent ever issued" in any country was granted to Alexander Graham Bell, then but twenty-nine years old, "for an instrument to be called the telephone, and to be used to carry the human voice from one place to another."

At first people thought that the telephone was an interesting toy, never dreaming that the day would come when it would be in every home. They went to hear Mr. Bell lecture about the telephone, and to listen to Mr. Watson, stationed some miles distant, demonstrate that the human voice could be carried over the wire.

In a year or so, however, a company was formed to put the telephone to commercial use. Telephones were early installed in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and in various parts of the states of Connecticut and Michigan.

In 1879, the first National Bell Telephone Company was formed. A year later there was a reorganization and the American Bell Telephone Company was created.

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That year the government of France awarded Alexander Graham Bell the Volta Prize of fifty thousand francs in honor of his great invention.

Despite his success, Alexander Graham Bell did not cease his labors. His invention of the telephone is one of the greatest contributions that has ever been made to the world.

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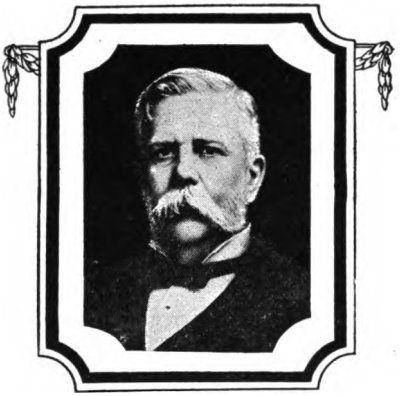

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George Westinghouse — The Boy Who Developed His Mechanical Ideas

A YOUTH named Westinghouse, still in his teens, was traveling in a railroad train one afternoon when the train came to a stop beside an open field.

After a few minutes of waiting, young Westinghouse left the coach to see what had happened. He discovered that there was a wreck ahead, and as the conductor told him that the train would be delayed for some time, he decided that he would investigate the wreck.

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Two freight trains had collided, and both were nearly demolished. The engineer of each train had seen that a collision was inevitable and, slowing down the engines as much as possible, had jumped.

"I saw the train coming toward me and set the hand brakes, but there was not time to stop the cars," said one of the engineers.

"The wreck would not have happened if the engineers could have controlled the cars from their engine cabs," another trainman remarked.

Young Westinghouse was greatly interested. "What do you mean by controlling the cars?" he asked.

The engineer explained that when he wanted to stop a train he had to signal with the engine whistle for brakes to be applied by hand to the cars. There were no brakes on the cars that could be worked from the engine to bring the train to a sudden stop. The young man listened intently.

When the line was clear again and he could continue his journey, he sat thinking

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about brakes for railroad trains, automatic brakes that could be controlled from the cab of the engine.

In the weeks that followed, young Westinghouse did much thinking about brakes, but none of his ideas were practical. He tried a mechanical automatic brake, which he rejected. Then, realizing that he needed a great deal of power to put on his brakes, he thought of steam. He tried this, but without success.

He was only able to work on his idea during his recreation hours, for he had a position in his father's factory at Schenectady, New York. He was so interested in his idea for an automatic brake that he used to hurry his luncheon, and spend part of the noon hour working on his plans.

One noon while thus absorbed, there was a voice at his elbow, and he turned and saw a young girl standing beside him. She was earning money for her next school year by selling magazine subscriptions. Young Westinghouse subscribed for the magazine.

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Upon looking over the first copy that he received, he suddenly noticed a headline. It was about the building of a tunnel through the Alps in Switzerland, and young Westinghouse read the article. In it he came across the statement that the drills used on the rocks were run by compressed air.

Compressed air! The young man dropped the magazine, for as he read those words George Westinghouse realized that he had found the motive power for his brake. He reached for his pencil and pad and started to work at once. It was not long before he had completed his plans.

While young Westinghouse had every faith in his new invention he found that he was practically the only person who thought it worth while. Even his father, George Westinghouse, Senior, who was an inventor and manufacturer of machinery, could see no reason to encourage his son.

George Westinghouse then decided to interest the railroad men in his scheme, and took his air brake to first one railroad office,

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and then another, but no railroad man would listen to him. He saw Commodore Vanderbilt, the president of the New York Central Railroad, who, like the rest, thought it was ridiculous to think of stopping a train by air.

"So you think that you can stop a New York Central train going at full speed by wind, do you?" Mr. Vanderbilt laughed. "Well, young man, I have no time to waste on fools. Good morning."

But young Westinghouse did not give up. He went to Pittsburgh, and interested Andrew Carnegie in his invention. Finally, Mr. Carnegie and his associates decided to spend the money necessary to equip one train with a Westinghouse air brake.

In September, 1868, the test was made on a train, consisting of an engine with four cars, running between Pittsburgh and Steubenville, Ohio. As the train emerged from a tunnel near the Union Station at Pittsburgh the engineer saw a farmer's wagon on the track, and he applied the air brake,

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stopping the train so suddenly that it threw the people in the cars from the seats.

Other successful tests were made, and within a few weeks George Westinghouse was hailed as one of the greatest inventors in the world. He was only twenty-two years old.

George Westinghouse was born at Central Bridge, New York, October 6, 1846. When he was ten years old the family moved to Schenectady, New York, where Mr. Westinghouse organized the Schenectady Agricultural Works.

The boy George was fond of machinery, and when he was not in school he was sure to be in his father's machine shop. When he was fourteen years old he invented a rotary engine.

George Westinghouse was only fifteen years old when the Civil War began. He wanted to go to war immediately, but his father would not allow him to do so until the next year. Then he enlisted in the infantry and later served in the cavalry. Be-

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fore the war closed he had become an engineer officer in the navy.

All this time young Westinghouse was studying. If he had an hour to spare he did not waste it, but read books on machines and machine making, or else drew the plans for a machine that interested him.

The success of his air brake made George Westinghouse a very rich and influential young man, but like all great men he was not at all contented to stop his work after having attained success. He continued to work upon the air brake for many years, improving it in numerous ways.

The air brake is one of the greatest inventions the world has yet known. This invention has made it possible for trains to be run at a much greater speed than formerly. As a result the industrial interests of the country have been greatly promoted. It also has made traveling on railroad trains safe for the public.

The problems of electricity were of great interest to Mr. Westinghouse. When he

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learned that two young French inventors had discovered the use of the alternating electric current, he bought the patents for the United States, which he applied to the electric system in use throughout this country. One of his big contracts was the lighting of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

Mr. Westinghouse was always interested in the inventions of others, and would talk with young mechanics regarding any plans they had for new machines.

George Westinghouse was a boy with ideas, and he was willing to study in order to perfect those ideas. By so doing he became one of the greatest men in the industrial history of his country.

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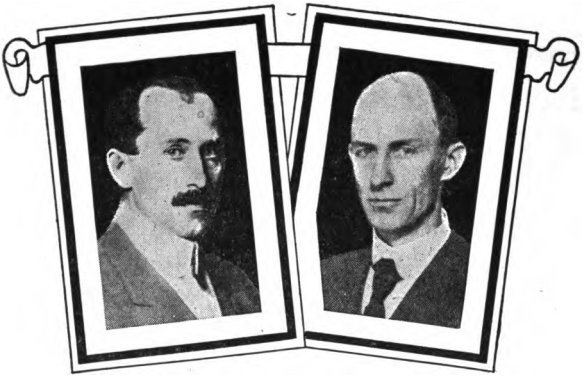

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Wilbur and Orville Wright — The Boys Who Conquered the Air

IN 1878, the Reverend Bishop Milton Wright left his home in Dayton, Ohio, to visit New York City on business. When it was time for him to return he looked in the shop windows for a gift that he could take to his two sons, Wilbur and Orville Wright. He saw books, handkerchiefs, and neckties, and he also saw an odd mechanical toy labeled "flying machine."

These two boys were very much interested in any type of mechanical instrument, so the bishop went into the store to examine

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the "flying machine." It had wings, and was driven by a cardboard propeller that turned by the untwisting of a heavy rubber band. It was a fascinating toy, and the bishop carried it home feeling that his sons would be pleased.

Wilbur and Orville Wright were both delighted and interested in their toy "flying machine," which they called the "bat." Long after it was broken they remembered the toy that would glide through the air.

One day, years later, they started to experiment with a big model of a "flying machine," one large enough to carry a man. Every boy knows, of course, how successful these brothers were, and that to-day men have flown in aeroplanes across the country and even across the Atlantic Ocean.

"The Wright boys," as Wilbur and Orville Wright were known in their home at Dayton, Ohio, were always the greatest of pals and worked and played together. Wilbur was four years older than his brother, having been born near Millville, Indiana, on

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April 16, 1867. Orville was born at Dayton, Ohio, August 19, 1871.

Both of the Wright boys were educated in the grammar school and high school of Dayton. They were clever boys, but more interested in mechanical experiments than in literature and history. Bicycles were just then coming into great popularity. When the boys left school they opened a bicycle shop to sell and repair this speed vehicle of the day

During this time their interest in flying machines had not abated. They began to build models of aeroplanes, and to test them out. These models were very practical, and the boys felt sure that in time they could really build a machine that would fly. Bishop Wright was greatly interested in his sons' ideas, and when he realized that they could go no further without more funds, he gave them money to continue their experiments.

The two young men then started for the coast of North Carolina, accompanied by a

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machinist who had worked with them at Dayton. They established a camp in the sand hills near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

Their first experiments were in the building of "gliders," or planes without engines. The brothers thus learned the proper angle at which their planes would have to be set, and also the secret of balance.

When they had mastered these important things, the Wright boys decided to use an ordinary small engine attached to a propeller. They found that this did not suit the purpose so they began to build a special aeroplane engine. After months of experiment, this motor was completed, but the two young men realized that they were facing failure and success.

They were sure that their machine would be a success if they had money to go on with their experiments. But they seemed doomed to failure, for all of the capital was spent. However, they had not counted on their young sister, Miss Katharine Wright. Miss Wright was a teacher of Latin in the high

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school at Dayton, Ohio. When she learned that her brothers needed money, she sent them all she had; and with the added capital they produced an aeroplane that flew!

It was on December 17, 1903, that the first Wright aeroplane, carrying a gasoline engine, went into the air against a twenty-mile wind, stayed up fifty-nine seconds, and covered eight hundred and fifty-two feet. This was the first time in the history of the world that a successful flight of this nature had been made.

After a few more experimental flights the brothers returned to Dayton, where they worked over their machine for a year and a half. They rebuilt it, tried it out in various winds, and learned to turn corners and to do all the daring stunts that were necessary if they were actually to learn to fly.

They said very little about their work and they did not at all mind when their friends called them crazy. They had a mission on earth, and they worked night and day until they were satisfied with their machine.

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Then, in the fall of 1905, they really began to fly. On October fifth their aeroplane flew twenty-four and one-quarter miles in thirty-eight minutes and three seconds. In a few years the brothers began to give public performances of their plane.

Later they went to Europe, there to receive the homage of rulers and statesmen. They insisted that their sister, Miss Katharine Wright, accompany them. She had given them the money to go on with their work, so both brothers desired that she should share with them any praise they might receive.

The Wright brothers' success did not turn their heads. When they came back to America they were as quiet and self-contained as when they left. They had yet much work to do on their machine even though they had conquered the art of flying, and they did not intend to cease their labors until they had perfected their plane.

One of the greatest honors paid the two young men was the presentation to them, by

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President Taft, of gold medals given by the Aero Club of America. At this time President Taft also honored Miss Katharine Wright for the aid and encouragement that she had given her brothers.

The achievement of Wilbur and Orville Wright is a great proof that success follows perseverance and hard work.

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GEORGE EASTMAN—
WHO SAW SUCCESS THROUGH A CAMERA LENS

IN the days when cameras were complicated and very expensive, a young bank clerk in Rochester, New York, suddenly made up his mind that he would like to take pictures. However, very few people made use of cameras at that time, with the exception of professional photographers.

One day the young bank clerk went to a photographer.

"Why can I not take a camera and go out and get some views?" he asked.

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"You can, my boy," said the photographer. "All you need to do is to take along some bottles of nitrate of silver, a few other chemicals, some squares of glass, a camera, a wet plate holder, a tripod, and a tent for a dark room." The photographer laughed. He thought it was a great joke on the boy.

Day after day young George Eastman thought it all over. "Perhaps it can be done easier than that," he concluded, but how was he to know until he had learned something about photography? Back to the photographer he went.

"Will you teach me to take photographs if I pay you five dollars?" he asked.

"Of course I will, gladly," answered this Rochester photographer, but, being an honest man, he added: "I will tell you right now, my boy, it is a silly thing for you to do, for it will be a waste of time. Do you think if I had a job in a bank that I would spend any time in this little business?"

The young Eastman boy used much of his spare time learning about photography and

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the old wet plate process. "If I could only make these plates so that I could develop them at home, it would be easy to take pictures," he said to himself; and then he began to study. He had to do all his experimenting in a small room at home at night. Finally he worked out a process for mixing the nitrate of silver with gelatine, which dried on the plate.

George Eastman bought a camera with his hard-earned money and set forth to take pictures. He was one of the first amateur photographers in this country.

About this time he invented a machine for coating the sensitive preparation on the glass plates. During his vacation, he went over to Europe and sold his patent for a sum that seemed to him a fortune—twelve hundred dollars.

Returning to Rochester and taking from the savings bank all the money he had been able to put in it during the years he had been working as a clerk, George Eastman fitted up two small rooms and started to manufac-

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ture dry plates for sale, but he did not give up his job in the bank.

Night after night he worked until after midnight. He hired a young man to help him. Finally, in 1881, he had enough capital so that he and his partner put up a four-story building on what is now Kodak Street.

Then he discovered that the dry plates that the dealers had purchased and kept through the winter were not good the following summer. There was only one thing to do: that was to replace all the plates in stock. This took all the money the concern had made.

Mr. Eastman's partner was in Europe at that time. When he came home, Mr. Eastman said to him, "We are all cleaned out," and then told him what he had done. The partner, who was an older man and experienced in other lines, said, "You are on the right road. Go ahead. That is the way to build up your reputation."

After many disappointments, his experiments led to the making of dry plates that

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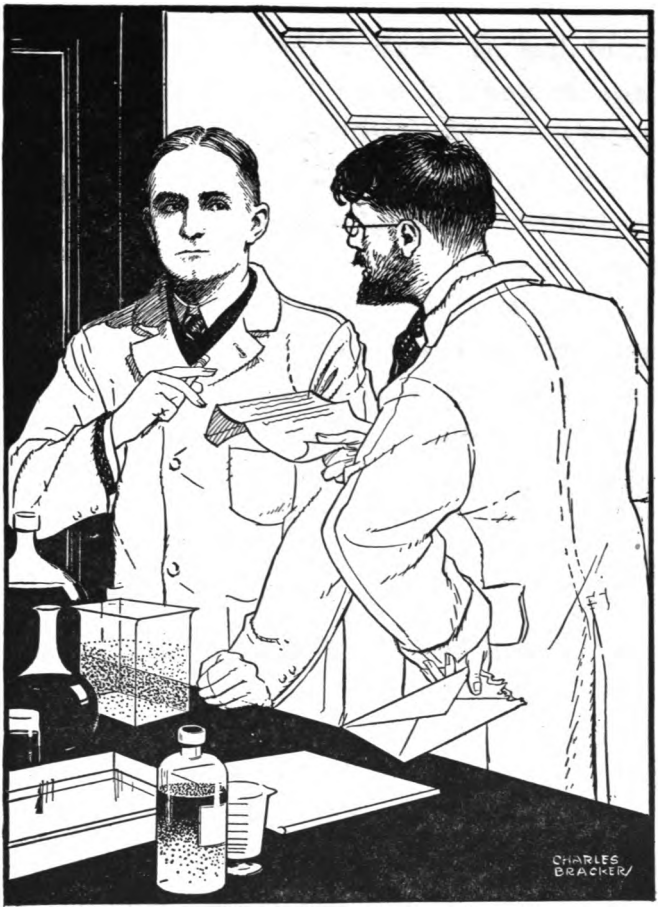

"YOU ARE ON THE RIGHT ROAD. GO AHEAD. THAT IS THE WAY TO BUILD UP YOUR REPUTATION."

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would last through several seasons. His trade was chiefly with professional photographers, for few people cared to go out with a big case full of dry plate holders, a big bellows camera, and a long, ungainly tripod.

"I believe almost everyone would like to take pictures if it could be made easier and less expensive," declared Mr. Eastman, and so he set to work to develop a self-contained camera with a roll of fifty exposures on one strip of paper instead of single sheets of glass. This camera had to be loaded and unloaded in the dark, but it was a great invention; and people began more and more to take up amateur photography.

He gave his invention the name, "kodak," which is now one of the most valuable trademarks in the world, partly because it represents a big idea and partly because it has become known everywhere as a guarantee of reliability.

Last of all came the daylight-loading films, and then the compact little metal ko-

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daks covered with leather. To-day, because of Mr. Eastman's invention, there is scarcely a family of moderate means in the country that does not have a camera.

George Eastman was born in Waterville, New York, July 12, 1854. When he was six years old his family moved to Rochester, New York, where he has resided ever since. When George was seven years old his father died. Though the family had very little money, Mrs. Eastman kept her son in school until he was fourteen years old, at which time it was necessary for him to go to work.

Later, this boy, after overcoming many obstacles, wrote the sentence, "You press the button and we do the rest." To-day, because of his famous invention, the kodak, he is worth a great many millions of dollars, every cent of which he earned by using his brain.

A few years ago, the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology announced that two million three hundred thousand dollars had been given to the

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school by some one who did not wish his name to be known. He said the gift was from "Mr. Smith." A year or so later, another gift of several millions came from "Mr. Smith." And at last, after a total of eleven million dollars had been presented to the school, it was discovered that George Eastman was the man who had hidden his identity under the name of "Mr. Smith."

Thus the Rochester boy who had such a struggle to get technical knowledge of photography is helping to make it possible for other boys to have technical training.

"Nowadays it is the boy who has real technical training who is most able to compete in the world," said Mr. Eastman. "I wanted to give money where it would be most useful to boys like myself who wished to develop their talents in some particular field. The colleges and universities of the present day give boys this opportunity. They are much better places to study in than the back room where I began my experiments with photography."

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT—
THE BOY WHO DEVELOPED HIS BODY AS WELL AS HIS MIND

BECAUSE he was pale and timid, and did not run and play like other boys, a certain lad who grew up in New York City spent many unhappy hours. He realized that he could not compete with his young friends in games and sports, and he knew that they did not care to take him into their games on that account.

Later this boy became one of the most famous, most rugged, brave, adventurous, outdoor Americans in our history—cowboy,

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ranchman, Rough Rider, fearless soldier, big game hunter, explorer, United States president.

Theodore Roosevelt, of course!

What live, wide-awake American boy has not admired him, worshipped him as a hero, and longed to emulate him in all the wonderful adventures of his life?

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York City, October 27, 1858. At twelve years of age—even at fifteen, he was in poor health. When he was fourteen years old he was taken to Egypt upon the advice of physicians, but he seemed no better when he came back.

He had gained something, however, for he had made a great decision—he would become a famous naturalist. He would be a professor in a college and would go all over the world exploring and having adventures.

There was no doubt about this desire. He recorded it himself. His family was well aware of it, for his trunks while abroad and his room at home were filled with a great as-

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sortment of "specimens"—strange pressed flowers, minerals, and shells.

The boy Theodore suddenly realized that he could not go on scientific expeditions into the Arctic and down into the tropics unless he were strong and healthy, for the books on such subjects that he had read had taught him so. He knew that he was not so large or so strong as boys of his age or as many boys considerably younger than he.

To become a great naturalist he must become a strong man. To become a strong man he must exercise and live out of doors. When he left home and entered Harvard University he had an excellent opportunity to be out of doors and to take strenuous exercise.

"I really preferred the warm corner by the fireplace and a good book, such as a sea story or Indian story or a book on nature, to getting out of doors," he once said of himself. Yet he interested himself in sports.

He began to ride horseback and he took up rowing. Because of wearing glasses he

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could not play baseball, but with his glasses removed he could see well enough to box. This being a very strenuous form of exercise and one that he still feared most of all, he fairly forced himself into it. He stood up and took the painful blows when his innermost desire was to duck and back away. It has been said that Harvard University never turned out an amateur boxer equal to Theodore Roosevelt.

At twenty-one years of age he was graduated from Harvard. His scholarship had been excellent as was manifested by his election to Phi Beta Kappa. He had also been very active in undergraduate life. He entered college with a desire to do great deeds. To attain this goal he worked hard, building up his body and his mind.

Before he finished his college work he decided that he would not care to be a natural scientist. Such work, in those days, meant too close confinement to the laboratory. He felt that he must spend more time in the open.

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Upon leaving college his uncle persuaded him to take up the study of law at Columbia University. At the same time he worked for a few hours every day in his uncle's law-office.

At the age of twenty-three he was elected to the New York state legislature. He was reelected twice. After serving for three years in the legislature he decided to follow his boyhood plan to become strong by out-door life.

The exercises he had made himself take when a boy, the encounters with other boys that he had forced himself to meet, had helped him. Yet he needed more of the great outdoors, not the outdoors of the city streets but the real outdoors. He surprised his relatives when he declared that he was going "out West to be a cowboy."

"Surely, Theodore," they said to him, "you are not serious. Only little boys dream such dreams."

"I need more strength, more health. I am going to set aside part of the money my

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father left me and spend it in building up my body by living in the open," he replied.

That is exactly what Theodore Roosevelt did.

"If I had stayed in the city," he once said, "I would not have lived a very long life and surely never a useful one. I wanted the cozy library and warm fire, with books and specimens to study; but I needed more rich red blood and hard muscles, so I went West and became a cowboy and ranchman."

For more than two years he lived in the wilds of North Dakota and it was indeed wild, back in 1884. He owned a string of horses; he slept out with the other herders; he rode in the round-ups; he hunted grizzly bears and mountain sheep; he fished; and when he left the ranch he was at last in good health. He possessed muscles of steel, his cheeks were ruddy, and he was able to go back and live the strenuous life about which he so constantly preached.

Boxing bouts; bear hunting in the Southern canebrakes; bobcat hunting in Colo-

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rado; fighting in the Spanish-American War; daily exercise while president; elephant, tiger, and lion hunting in Africa; explorations in South America at an age when most men feel that they should retire from active pursuits—such were the exploits of Theodore Roosevelt.

Here was a weakling, the sort of boy that the average person pities deeply, yet laughs at. The boy knew that he was a weakling, but he studied his problem and discovered that its solution lay in the great out-of-doors.

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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT—
WHOSE HEAD WAS NOT TURNED BY HIS FATHER'S SUCCESS

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, September 15, 1857. His father was a very wealthy and prominent man. Though the boy had every advantage that money and position could give him, he was no different from other boys. He was always popular with his boyhood companions. He had a sunny disposition, and hated any underhand action.

Because his father had graduated from Yale, William Howard Taft looked forward

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to attending that university. He was going to study, and he was also going to enter into all forms of athletics. He reached Yale when he was very young, being just seventeen years of age. He was a robust lad, weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds. When, about three hours after his arrival, he joined his classmates in the freshman rush, he soon proved that he had plenty of class spirit.

At Yale he won several special prizes for his work, and was also one of the star athletes. He was the champion wrestler of the college, rowed stroke on his class crew, and was "anchor" in the tug-of-war. He also boxed. He was very popular with all the boys, quickly becoming one of the leaders in the university.

When he was graduated from college William Howard Taft returned to his home in Cincinnati. He studied in the Cincinnati Law School from which he was graduated two years later, in 1880. While he was studying law he was working in his father's law

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office and also was acting as a newspaper reporter.

Mr. Taft followed his father's interests in law and politics, and soon became an office holder, the collector of internal revenue for his district. He was an able lawyer, and so well known for his legal work that in 1890 he was made solicitor-general of the United States by President Harrison.

In 1898 the Philippine Islands came into the possession of the United States as a result of our war with Spain. Now that these islands belonged to us it was necessary that they should be properly governed. President McKinley decided that Mr. Taft was the right man to undertake such a task and asked him to become chairman of the commission appointed for this purpose.

Mr. Taft felt that we should not retain the islands but he was willing to go and do what he could to help the Filipinos. He helped them to build schools and roads, to establish post offices, to found banks, and to develop proper sanitary conditions, but most impor-

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tant of all, to learn self-government. His work there was of tremendous importance.

After serving in the Philippines for four years Mr. Taft accepted President Roosevelt's invitation to become secretary of war. One of his biggest tasks, while he held this office, was the building of the Panama Canal. After President Roosevelt's second term, Mr. Taft was elected president of the United States.

As in boyhood, William Howard Taft has always been very popular with those who know him. He likes to joke, but in his joking he has been careful never to hurt the feelings of anyone. He has a quick smile which he developed when he was a boy, and he also has the habit of not making enemies, thinking twice before he speaks. He has always been a hard, conscientious worker.

After his retirement from the presidency, Mr. Taft lived quietly at New Haven, Connecticut, teaching at Yale, and writing. During the war his country called on him for his services, and he took an active part

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in various organizations, chief among which was the American Red Cross of which he was director.

What Mr. Taft calls his greatest honor, however, came to him in July, 1921, when he was appointed chief justice of the United States. Throughout all his career, Mr. Taft remarked that he hoped that some day he might hold this position. He felt that he was better fitted to be chief justice than president. He might have had the honor earlier in life, before he was president, but his friends told him that his duty was in the presidential chair.

It was Colonel Roosevelt who said of Mr. Taft: "There is not in the nation a higher or a finer type of public servant than William Howard Taft."

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WOODROW WILSON—
THE SOUTHERN BOY WHO BECAME PRESIDENT

A SMALL boy hung over the fence before his father's home in Augusta, Georgia, and heard two men talking very earnestly, paying no attention to the listening boy.

One of the men said, "Now that Lincoln is elected, there will be war."

The boy was too young to understand just what "war" meant, but he could tell by the tone of the men's voices that it was something very serious. He slipped down from

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the fence and hurried into the big house. He went at once to his father's study.

"Father, what does 'war' mean?"

The boy's father was always ready to talk with his son, so he put down his pen.

"Why do you ask, Tommy?" he questioned.

Then the boy told of the conversation he had heard.

His father nodded gravely.

"Well," he explained, "Mr. Lincoln, who is to be the next president of the United States, wants the people of the South to free their slaves. The people of the South do not want to do this. It will mean quarreling, and perhaps fighting, between the northern and southern states. There will be armies, soldiers will come, and that will mean what is called a civil war. Now run along, Tommy. I must work on my sermon."

That was the way in which Woodrow Wilson first heard of war—Woodrow Wilson who was to be the great war president of the United States when our country entered the recent conflict that shook the entire world.

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The great Civil War about which the boy heard that day did come, but it did not affect young Tommy Wilson's life, for the town in which he lived was not harmed. General Sherman in his famous march to the sea threatened to go into Augusta, Georgia, but he changed his plans.

Thomas Woodrow Wilson was born at Staunton, Virginia, December 28, 1856. His father was a Presbyterian minister. When Thomas was a very small boy his father accepted a pastorate at Augusta, Georgia, where the boy grew up and where he started his education. During his early days he was known as Tommy Wilson, but later he dropped the name Thomas and called himself Woodrow Wilson, Woodrow being his mother's maiden name.

Woodrow Wilson was always an active boy, both mentally and physically. His greatest chum was his father and, long before it was time for him to go to school, he and his father studied together. People who knew him as a small boy say that they re-

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member him best for the fact that he was always running, always in a hurry to get somewhere. When he reached his teens, he formed a baseball club. In addition to playing baseball, the club held many meetings. These meetings were carried on in strict accordance with parliamentary law.

When he was about fourteen years of age young Wilson played a great game which lasted for months. He pretended that he was an admiral in the United States Navy, and wrote reports to the Navy Department regarding his work. One of his duties was the capture of a band of pirates in the Southern Pacific Ocean.

Young Wilson entered Davidson College in North Carolina shortly before he was seventeen years of age. His life there was not an easy one. Every boy had to clean his own room, fill his own lamp, bring in water, chop his firewood and carry it to his room.

Mr. Wilson did not finish his course at Davidson College, for he became ill before the end of his first year and had to return

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home. He spent the next year at home, and then, not quite nineteen years of age, entered Princeton University, from which he was graduated in 1879.

Woodrow Wilson decided very early in his life that he wanted to become a statesman. He studied the lives of the great statesmen, and practiced writing and making speeches. Even before he was graduated he began writing for magazines on diplomatic subjects.

This interest, however, did not stop him from being an all-round athlete, and during his college days he carefully built for himself a strong, clean body. He was president of the athletic committee, one of the five directors of the football association, and a member of the baseball team.

After his graduation from Princeton University, Woodrow Wilson studied law at the University of Virginia from which he was graduated in 1881. He practiced law in Atlanta, Georgia, for about a year.

He then decided that he wanted a different type of life, so he entered Johns Hopkins

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University to take graduate work in political science. In 1886 he received the degree of doctor of philosophy from that institution. He taught in several colleges, and finally became president of Princeton University.

For many years Mr. Wilson had been interested in politics, and in 1910 he was elected governor of the State of New Jersey.

His greatest honor came when he was elected president of the United States. During his two terms, the boy who had asked what war meant passed through the grimness of conflict. At the close of the war he went to Europe to attend the peace conference and worked with all his might to bring about a truly lasting peace.

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WARREN G. HARDING—
THE BOY PRINTER
WHO BECAME PRESIDENT

WARREN G. HARDING was born on a farm at Blooming Grove, Ohio, on November 2, 1865. His father was a physician whose practice was largely among the farm people outside the village. Warren was the oldest child of the family, and from boyhood he was large and strong. He was also very active, both mentally and physically.

Doctor Harding tells that when his son Warren was three years old he came to his

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mother's knee one afternoon with a picture book in his hand, and said that he wished that he could read. Mrs. Harding left her sewing to get a large piece of cardboard. She marked this in squares and put a letter in each square. That afternoon Warren Harding learned his A B C's. Later, when he was a little older, he became a great reader and showed a remarkable talent for remembering everything he read—a trait that has helped him in his public life.

Warren Harding went to the village school and was always a very good student, but he never allowed his love of books to take all of his attention. He was fond of all sorts of out-of-door sports, and was popular with the other boys.

His mother loved flowers, and her garden was one of the most beautiful sights of the neighborhood. She had a great deal of housework to do, of course, and so did not have any too much time to spend in her beloved garden. Warren helped her constantly, weeding and watering it.

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The boy never forgot his mother's love of flowers, and when he grew up he used to take her a bouquet every Sunday morning. Whenever he had to be away on business he arranged to have a florist deliver flowers to her. Mr. Harding greatly regrets that his mother did not live to see her son elected to the highest position in our country.

As Warren grew older he became a great worker. During one summer vacation he learned to make bricks at the local brick yard. Another time he worked as a construction hand on the Toledo and Ohio Railway, and during still another vacation he helped to paint the frame stations of the same railway.

One of the greatest joys of his youth was the town band in which he played the tenor horn. He was very fond of music, and was an ardent supporter of the band, which was the pride of the neighborhood.

His father owned a share in a newspaper called the *Caledonia Argus*. Warren went to work in this newspaper office, setting

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type, doing odd jobs, and carefully watching the making of the paper.

At fourteen years of age young Harding went to Ohio Central College at Iberia. He was graduated from that school with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

He studied law for a short time after graduating from college. Then he took a position as an insurance agent. However, he had never ceased to be interested in newspaper work and soon obtained a position on a newspaper in his home town. When the presidential campaign between Blaine and Cleveland was started, Harding, who was a strong Republican, favored Blaine. The paper for which he worked, however, was Democratic—and he lost his job.

Young Harding found that a small paper, the *Marion Daily Star*, was for sale and decided to purchase it. Though he was very young, he had given such careful study to newspaper making that the *Star* began to grow at once, and soon became a successful paper.

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When Mr. Harding first bought the *Marion Star* and began to write its editorials, his father had a long talk with him and pointed out the fact that no good ever came from abusing people. His mother also emphasized this benevolent principle, and so all through his life Warren Harding has followed the doctrine that if you cannot say anything good about a person it is better to keep silent.

Mr. Harding did not enter political life in his youth other than to write newspaper editorials on political questions. He was thirty-four years old when he was elected to the Ohio State Senate, where he served four years. For two years he was the lieutenant governor of Ohio, but was defeated when he ran for governor. He was later elected United States senator from his state, a position he held until he was nominated for president.

In his political life, just as in his private affairs, Warren Harding's success has been largely due to the fact that he has never for-

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gotten to be cheerful and good-natured. He has always tackled his problems with a smile, no matter if they were world problems of state such as he found awaiting him at Washington, or small personal problems concerning no one but himself.

Doctor Harding said, after his son's election to the presidency, that he thought that his success as a man was largely due to the fact that he carefully learned to play the part of a man when he was still a boy.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON GOETHALS—
THE BOY WHO SHAPED HIS OWN CAREER

PRESIDENT Roosevelt arose from his desk chair at the White House one day early in the year 1907 and, smiling, offered his hand to a man who had been sitting opposite.

"Now, go and build it," the President said, and the man, shaking the President's hand, bowed, and went away, ready and anxious to start work. He had just been given one of the biggest engineering jobs ever offered to any man; but he was not afraid. He was a soldier, and accustomed to taking orders; so

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he hurried to his post of duty. In seven years he finished his task, one as great as the building of the Great Wall of China, and even greater than the building of the Suez Canal.

That man was George Washington Goethals, and his job was the building of the Panama Canal, that great waterway that connects the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

George Washington Goethals was born in Brooklyn, New York, on June 29, 1858. He is of Dutch descent, his ancestors having been among the early settlers of the section of the country about New York City.

He was always an ambitious boy. He was anxious to win an education for himself and not at all afraid of the hard work that he would have to do to earn money to gain that education.

He was never a very strong boy, for he rapidly grew tall and slender. One of his "jobs" during his youth was the care of his body to prevent himself from becoming ill. When he was not working over his school

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books, or doing errands to earn money, he was exercising. He kept himself in constant training, and was one of the swiftest runners among his boy friends.

George Goethals took his first regular job when he was eleven years old, acting as errand boy for a New York broker. He did this work Saturdays, holidays, and after school.

When he was fourteen years old, George had advanced so far in arithmetic that he was able to take the position of bookkeeper for a produce merchant in New York City. This work was also carried on after school, and on holidays.

He was a very sincere boy and never shirked his work. The produce merchant realized this fact, and, while he had only agreed to pay George five dollars a week for his services, he advanced the boy rather rapidly until George was earning fifteen dollars a week, which was a very good salary.

While doing this work, and with the money so earned, George put himself through the

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College of the City of New York. He was about seventeen years of age when he finished the college course.

As he had made up his mind to become a doctor he entered Columbia College. His years of hard study and even harder work, which had kept him busy all day and far into every evening, made him ill in spite of his attempts to keep well and strong, and he had to give up his studies.

He was not at all discouraged by his failure to go on, but decided that as long as he could not become a physician, he would like to enter West Point and learn to be a soldier. He wrote to President Grant of his desire to study at the famous military academy, but his letter was not answered. That did not cause him to change his plans.

George Goethals was the type of boy who does things, if not in one way, then in another; and he started out to find a man who would enter him at West Point. A famous New York politician named "Sunset" Cox was much impressed by the boy's ambitions

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and, feeling sure that George would succeed, arranged for him to enter West Point. On April 21, 1876, he became a student at the United States Military Academy.

George was then not quite eighteen. In his military studies he displayed the same courage and grit that had enabled him at fourteen to work his way through college. He was very popular at West Point and in his senior year was elected president of his class.

After four years he was graduated second in a class of fifty-four, and was one of the two graduates who won the honor of being selected as worthy of a place in the Corps of Engineers. These honors came to him because he had earned them. He was a good soldier, and he had learned the valuable lesson of doing as he was told.

Upon graduation he was appointed second lieutenant, but young Goethals did not stop his studying. For two years he served with the engineers, and his motto was "I am here to learn." He did learn, and learned so well

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that in two more years he was made a first lieutenant, and in 1891 he received the commission of captain.

In the years that followed, George Goethals had many duties to perform and won many honors. He taught military engineering for two years at West Point; he had charge of the army construction of the Mussel Shoals locks and dams on the Tennessee River—a very important piece of work; and he was honored at Washington by being made a member of the General Staff of the Army.

When the time came to select a man who would carry out the building of the Panama Canal, President Roosevelt sent for George Goethals because he knew that he was a man who had fitted himself from boyhood to undertake a big job. His army record was perfect and he had executed all of his commissions, both great and small, with the same perfection.

George Washington Goethals went to Panama, and soon showed all the men work-

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ing under him what it meant to be a good soldier. He had been given a job to do and, like a true soldier, he did it.

It was a gigantic undertaking, but Colonel Goethals soon made the men realize that they were there to work, not to loaf. He set aside a time during which any man who had a just grievance could consult him. By so doing he came in contact with the many problems of the men, thus averting labor difficulties. One of the reasons that he was able to work so well was that he had taken such good care of his body all through his life.

General Goethals' life is a splendid example of a boy who shaped his own career by working hard, by sparing himself no efforts in carrying out orders successfully, and by giving intelligent care to his health.

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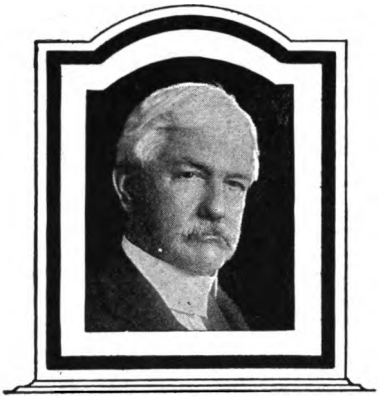

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William Crawford Gorgas—
Whose Fight for Sanitation Made the Panama Canal Possible

WHEN the Civil War broke out in 1861, a boy seven years old was even more interested than most boys of his age, for everywhere he went in his home town of Mobile, Alabama, he heard people saying that General Gorgas was going to fight for the South. The small boy did not exactly understand why they should all talk so much about it, but he did know that as his father, General Josiah Gorgas, was a soldier he would certainly fight in the war.

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William Crawford Gorgas was that small boy's name, and he wished that he, too, was old enough to be a soldier. He loved his father, and his father's uniforms, and he made a vow that when he grew old enough he was going into the army and be a great soldier.

That boyhood vow did come true, for later in life William Crawford Gorgas became one of the greatest fighters the world has ever known. But he did not fight with guns.

His fighting implements were such odd weapons as oil cans, wire netting, and picks and shovels, for his enemies were the unsanitary conditions that breed disease and death. By caring for the sanitation of the tropical lands he was able to keep healthy the men who labored in the heat to build the Panama Canal.

William Crawford Gorgas was born at Mobile, Alabama, October 3, 1854. His grandfather had been a governor of Alabama, and his father was educated at West Point, advancing to the rank of general.

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From the time he was seven until he was eleven years of age the boy knew what it meant to live in a country at war. He was intensely interested in the welfare of his fighting father and the other fighting men he knew.

A deep impression was made on the boy's mind by the suffering which he saw. It was in those years that his thoughts first turned toward medicine, and the career of a physician began to attract him almost as much as the possibilities of being a soldier.

William Gorgas went to the public school and was a keen student. After completing his preparatory work he entered college. In 1875 he was graduated from the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee.

He then went at once to New York City, where for four years he studied at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College. Throughout his youth William Gorgas showed the same characteristics that made him a successful man. He was a very thorough boy; when he had a job to do, he did it well.

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By the end of his college course William Gorgas had made up his mind that he would combine his two childhood ambitions—he would be a doctor and a soldier. So he applied for admisson to the Medical Corps of the United States army.

He was appointed to the post of surgeon in 1880. His first work was in the Southern states, and then he went to the Mexican border, where he served as an army surgeon and won promotions, until in 1898 he ranked as major.

It was in Cuba, at the time of the Spanish-American War, that he first became internationally famous for his work in sanitation. At that time Cuba was a very unhealthy place for white people, for the yellow fever was prevalent and nearly always fatal. William Gorgas was placed in charge of the work of cleaning up the city of Havana, and did the job so perfectly that he was afterwards sent to Panama to have charge of the sanitary work during the building of the canal.

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Just how great a job William Gorgas had at Panama can be understood from the fact that during the nine years that the French government was working on the canal (the French government attempted but failed to build the Panama Canal before the United States government took it over), they lost 22,819 men because of tropical diseases.

When Colonel Gorgas inspected the Canal he saw immediately what he would have to do. There were open sewers along the edges of the native streets, and everywhere there were pools of stagnant water in which mosquitoes bred. These conditions had to be overcome in order to eliminate disease.

Colónel Gorgas went to work quietly and quickly. He dug proper sewers, he cared for the water systems, he cleaned all the streets, and issued warnings and commands regarding the care of foodstuffs. He ordered all houses screened, and saw that the tropical roaches and ants were banished from the living quarters of the white men and natives alike. Also his army of workers went out

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with oil cans, and when they could not drain off a stagnant pool they covered it with oil, thus killing the mosquitoes.

It was not an easy task that Colonel Gorgas had undertaken, and very often his efforts were met with grumbling, because he was strict and made people take precautions that they thought were unnecessary. His boyhood thoroughness was much in evidence. No matter how many people objected to what he was doing he went right on, never losing sight of the fact that he had set out to accomplish certain results.

In a short time, however, the whole world began to realize that General Gorgas was a great soldier who fought to make the world a better place. One of his friends once said that he was never moved by slights, praise, success, or defeat. The only things that really moved him were sickness and suffering.

At the Canal other officers could take visitors to see what their departments had accomplished, but General Gorgas could not

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show great locks, dams, or how he had moved a mountain. However, he could have pointed out the difference between the old French cemetery and the American, for few American workers died—they lived to work. General Gorgas was a modest man; he did not care for praise. He knew that he had done his work well; and that was all that counted.

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Robert Dollar—
The Boy Who Applied Arithmetic To His Name

WHEN you are a cook's helper in a lumber camp, you do not have much leisure of your own, even for such important subjects as arithmetic. This is what young Robert Dollar thought as he scribbled on a piece of wrapping paper.

It was the cook who interrupted him, demanding why he was not peeling the potatoes.

"The potatoes are all peeled, washed, and boiling," remarked the boy quietly.

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"Well," retorted the cook, "how about the beans? This is not a summer resort."

"The beans are washed and soaking," replied the boy.

At this moment, when the cook was beginning to grumble again and complain about a cook's helper who spent his time scribbling, Hiram Robinson, manager of the camp, came up.

"Keep right on with your writing," said Mr. Robinson. "When your work is done, it is no one's business how much you scribble. Are you writing a letter?"

The boy shook his head. "No, it is a sum in board measure, sir," he answered. Then he showed the manager how he had worked out a problem which he had overheard the manager and the bookkeeper discussing.

This demonstration of alertness on the part of the cook's helper was a new experience for the manager, and he began to take an interest in the youth. This was the beginning of the upward journey of one of America's biggest business men.

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Robert Dollar was born in Scotland, in 1844. His parents moved to Canada when he was a young boy. Soon after that, he was sent out into the lumber camps and had to endure the hardships of such a life.

But this was not the kind of career that his clear brain told him that he should have. In the intervals of his work he was constantly reading and studying, preparing himself for something more to his liking and with more of a future to it than felling trees.

When he was twenty-one years old, young Dollar took fifty men and a big log drive down the river, and was so successful in the venture that he was made foreman.

Seven years later he bought some timberland with his savings and had started to work on it, when a sudden financial panic left him bankrupt. By constant, unwearying effort, he cleared himself of debt within four years and made a fresh start, cutting and shipping lumber.

After a few years Robert Dollar removed to the United States and purchased large

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tracts of timberland in Michigan. He carried on an extensive business with England and also sold great quantities of lumber in the United States.

Being a farsighted man Mr. Dollar was looking toward the future. He realized that the greatest undeveloped market for lumber was in China and made two trips there to investigate conditions. He believed that California, with her large supply of redwood, would be an ideal location from which to carry on trade with the Orient. With this end in view he moved there in the late eighties.

He soon observed that the high shipping rates which he had to pay left him with very little profit. He decided that it would be more economical for him to ship his lumber himself, so he bought an old boat called "Newsboy." In less than a year this ship had paid for itself in the saving in shipping costs. With this striking object lesson, Mr. Dollar decided that the more boats he owned, the more money he could make; and he con-

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"KEEP RIGHT ON WITH YOUR WRITING," SAID MR. ROBINSON. "WHEN YOUR WORK IS DONE, IT IS NO ONE'S BUSINESS HOW MUCH YOU SCRIBBLE."

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sequently began to put all his savings into ships.

Before many years, he established the famous Robert Dollar Steamship Company and had one fleet plying between Alaska and Panama, and another fleet sailing across the Pacific Ocean.

Robert Dollar's service to the United States has been great. He has been very influential in smoothing out difficulties between the United States and the Orient, and also in developing our trade with China and Japan.

Robert Dollar did not have a hundredth part of his own name when he went into the lumber camp at an early age. By great foresight and indefatigable labor, he amassed a great fortune.

When Mr. Dollar was nearly seventy years old, a customer one day complained that a big pile of lumber which he had just purchased was in poor condition. Mr. Dollar climbed agilely to the top of the pile, examined it, and found it sound.

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"You should try to learn the business standards of the Chinaman," he said to the customer as he climbed down. "In all my years of dealing with them, I have never known one of them to lie or cheat."

When Robert Dollar was seventy-four years old he went back to Ottawa to see an old man, then nearly ninety years of age.

"Do you remember me?" he inquired.

The old man peered at him curiously, and then his eyes lighted up.

"Of course I do. You are Bob Dollar, my old cook-boy."

This old man was Hiram Robinson, the first person to take an interest in the development of the future shipowner.

Mr. Dollar has five simple rules which he says will enable any boy to succeed. They are brief:

"Fear God.

"Be honest.

"Work hard.

"Save money.

"Use no intoxicants."

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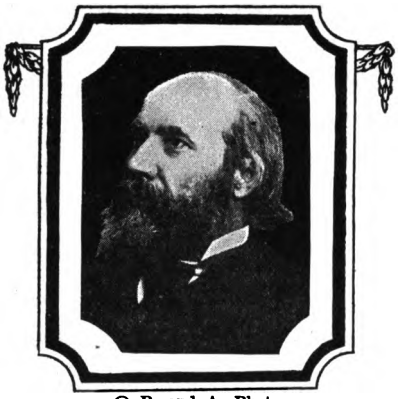

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JAMES J. HILL—
WHO HELPED TO DEVELOP A CONTINENT

JAMES J. HILL was born in a log house on a little farm near Guelph, Ontario, Canada, September 16, 1838.

When James was fourteen years old his father died, so it was necessary for the boy to discontinue his schooling. He became a clerk in a country store where he worked for nearly four years. He then started out to make his fortune in the United States.

As he was interested in shipping he made his way through New York state to the At-

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lantic Ocean. He visited several seaport towns, but not finding there an opportunity for what he wanted to do he started westward. He finally reached St. Paul, Minnesota, where he obtained work as a shipping clerk for a transportation company.

"Well," young Hill remarked one day to a fellow worker, "we are loading steamers now, but it will not be long before the railroads will take their place."

The other man laughed. "I guess you are dreaming, Jim," he said. "You will not live to see those newfangled railroads crowding out the steamers. No sir!"

"Wait and see," replied young Hill.

Before many years had passed this young man's prophecy was fulfilled, and the strange thing about it is that he made it come true himself. Jim Hill, holding a minor position in a transportation company in St. Paul, later came to be known as James J. Hill, the "Empire Builder."

One day he gave his employer notice that he was going to leave.

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"I will give you more money," said his employer.

"No, thanks, you are paying me enough for my work. I am going to start a transportation company of my own," he replied.

"Do not try it, Hill," exclaimed the shipper. "There are too many transportation companies here now, and the competition is so great that you will not be able to make a living."

"Well, all I can do is to lose what I have saved," the young man answered. With a partner he opened his new transportation company, and made it prosper in spite of the prediction of failure from his old employer.

One day he said to his partner, "What would you think of opening a direct shipping line to Winnipeg?"

"You might as well think of opening a direct line through to Japan," replied his surprised partner.

"I hope to do that some time," said young Hill quietly. Of course, his partner did not believe that he was serious.

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For years he spent his Sunday afternoons walking up and down the river front at St. Paul, talking with steamboat men and shippers and travelers who passed up and down the river. In that way he learned the wishes of these commercial men.

He learned that they desired to get lumber and ore from the great unopened West. He learned that the miners out there needed machinery and other supplies which could be obtained from the East.

He learned that in the West there were thousands upon thousands of acres which would yield wheat and corn and other things needed to feed the world. However, it was useless to plant these acres for it would cost more than the crops were worth to haul the products out by mules and horses, even if it could be done.

Later, Mr. Hill opened the Red River Transportation Company, the first communication between St. Paul and Winnipeg. He organized a fuel company and syndicate, securing control of the St. Paul and Pacific

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Railroad. All the world knows how he built the Great Northern Railway across half the continent from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, with northern and southern branches, and a direct steamship line connecting with China and Japan.

James J. Hill was more than a railroad president. He earned the title of "Empire Builder." He believed that the great Northwest must some day be opened to the world of commerce, progress, and civilization, by means of railroads. By keeping this idea firmly before him he gradually worked out all of his plans, and so he became one of the great leaders of American industrial and commercial development.

Mr. Hill never lost sight of his early experiences; and the training of his boyhood, although it was sometimes hard, enabled him to do his big work later on.

"To be a success," he said, "you must start at the bottom. It is the hard knocks that teach us the valuable lessons. Whatever I may have accomplished has been due to tak-

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ing advantage of opportunities; and I have not been watching the clock. The simple truth is that the man who attends to his work will succeed anywhere."

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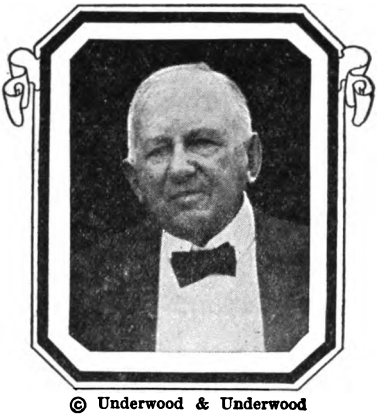

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JOHN WANAMAKER—
THE BOY WHO BUILDED WITH HIS BRAINS INSTEAD OF WITH BRICKS

ONE dollar and a quarter a week is not a very large wage, even for a boy. It is likely to look smaller than it really is, when a boy is eager and impatient to get ahead and when he realizes that if he were following his father's advice he would be earning much more money.

Nevertheless, sometimes one dollar and a quarter earned in doing work that you enjoy and that will lead to the great work which you hope to do at some distant day is worth

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more to you than a much larger wage earned in doing something that does not interest you. That, at any rate, was the reasoning of one of the world's greatest merchants when he was a boy.

John Wanamaker was born in Philadelphia, July 11, 1838. He was the oldest of seven children. At an early age he helped his father turn bricks in his brickyard but he was not satisfied with this work. That is why he chose to run errands in a bookstore in Philadelphia when he was fourteen years old, rather than follow his father's good, sound suggestion that he become a brickmaker.

"You can earn much more money as a brickmaker than you can by running errands," said the father, Nelson Wanamaker.

"Yes," answered John, "but you see I do not intend to run errands all my life. I expect some day to be where I can use my head instead of my legs. If I become a brickmaker, I will have to use my hands instead of my brain. I think that I can make more out of

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myself by using my head than you make by using your hands."

So the kindly father allowed his son to follow his own convictions, although he shook his head dubiously.

The boy was deeply in earnest. At fourteen years of age he had begun to use his brains. He knew, of course, that his father worked hard and earned a fair wage.

"I could not see, however, how my father was ever going to earn more than he was then earning," Mr. Wanamaker said in after years. "I believed that I could do something that would mean more to me than working with my hands all my life."

In the bookstore, John Wanamaker worked faithfully. All the while that his hands were busy his brain was occupied, planning the future. In a few years he became a clerk in a clothing store. He saved as much of his earnings as he could because his ambition was to become a merchant.

"In 1861 I found a tiny storeroom," he said later on, in recounting some of his early ex-

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periences, "and I put my savings into the few things that were necessary to equip it. Then I took a friend into partnership, and we began business. I discovered that the outlay for counters, shelves, and other fixtures ran so high that there was little money left to put into stock.

"My partner came and looked over the store. I told him that I did not think we had enough stock with which to begin operations. However, he did not see any way to remedy matters since our money was used up."

John Wanamaker took a different view of the situation. If the stock was not sufficient he was determined to add to it. So he called on a wholesaler and told him what he wanted.

"What security can you give me?" the wholesaler asked briefly.

"The whole store and stock," replied young Wanamaker, taking out a carefully made list, which showed of what the store consisted, even to the shelves and counters.

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The wholesaler, impressed by the general bearing of the young merchant, and by the businesslike way in which he had prepared to meet the emergency, let young Wanamaker select two hundred dollars' worth of stock. This was just twice as much as he had hoped to obtain.

"You will send a truck for it, I suppose," said the wholesaler.

"I will come after it, sir," replied John Wanamaker.

In a short time he reappeared with a borrowed wheelbarrow and, when the wholesaler asked him where the truck was, he pointed to the barrow and explained that he was doing his own hauling.

"But it will take five trips to do it," remonstrated the wholesaler.

"I do not mind that," replied John; and he went to work loading his "truck." Recognizing that here was a boy who used his brains and at the same time was not afraid of hard work, the wholesaler extended young Wanamaker more credit.

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At the end of the first week John Wanamaker divided his income, which was pitifully small, paying half of it to the man who had extended him the credit and investing the other half in advertising.

From that small beginning have grown the great Wanamaker stores of Philadelphia and New York. The one in Philadelphia has forty-five acres of floor space, and the New York store is one of the show places of the metropolis.

Many of the right business principles which we take for granted to-day were founded by Mr. Wanamaker. He was the first merchant to mark his goods in plain figures so that the price of everything would be the same to all. He has made it possible for people to return goods with which they are not satisfied. Every word in his advertisements is guaranteed, and his business is founded upon honesty and courtesy.

John Wanamaker's active career has included not only his mercantile success but also at one time the cabinet position of post-

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master general. In this office he established the rural delivery of mail and made many other improvements.

Certainly his firm confidence in the result to be obtained from using his brain has been justified. When he might have been laying the foundation for a house, he was busy laying the foundation for a big business career, and for public service.

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BEN LINDSEY—
WHO HAS NEVER FORGOTTEN WHAT IT MEANT TO BE A BOY

BENJAMIN BARR LINDSEY, or Ben Lindsey as he was called as a boy and as he is called to-day all over the United States, was born in Jackson, Tennessee, November 25, 1869.

His father had served as an officer in the Civil War and at its close had found himself, like so many other people of the South, practically penniless. From Jackson, Tennessee, his family moved to Notre Dame, Indiana, where Ben's father went to find work. As

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they were quite poor Ben had to work after school and on Saturdays.

When Ben was in his teens, his father felt that if they went to the far West where the country was just growing up, there would be plenty of opportunities for work. So the Lindsey family—there were three children younger than Ben—went to Denver and settled there.

When Ben was eighteen years old his father died. The boy found himself facing the necessity of earning money to help support his mother and the three young children.

Ben Lindsey was not a big boy, but he had plenty of courage. He went out and found a good job in a real estate office, and he also managed a newspaper route.

It was discouraging work, and young Lindsey grew very tired and unhappy. He felt that if he was ever to get ahead he must study. Whenever he had a few minutes to himself he would read law, the subject that had interested him for several years and which he hoped to make his life work.

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He used to pretend that he was in court and that he was delivering long speeches to the judge and jury. By this method he became a good speaker and felt so much at home in his mock courts that as soon as he became a lawyer he was a success.

Ben Lindsey entered upon the practice of law in Denver in 1894. He was appointed to a vacancy in the county court in 1900.

One day in the late afternoon, he was sitting in court when an Italian boy was brought in, accused of theft. Judge Lindsey heard the case and, as all the evidence showed that the boy was guilty, he mechanically passed the sentence which the law prescribed.

The boy's mother was present, and she raised such a cry that the judge ordered her brought before him. He talked with the woman, and as she presented her son's case to him he saw it in a very different light.

He decided that sending the child to prison would not solve the problem, and so determined to handle the matter in a differ-

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ent way. He visited the boy in his home many times. With the mother's help and the boy's cooperation, he saved the boy from the beginning of a criminal career and made of him a good citizen.

Sometime later a burglary case came before Judge Lindsey. Three young boys were brought in, accused of stealing pigeons. The judge talked to the boys for a long time in a friendly manner. He told them that if they would go out and ask the boys who were with them, but were not caught, to come in and report to him, he would give them all a square deal. The boys felt that the judge was sincere and so they did as he requested.

All of the boys came to see the judge and he talked very frankly with them. He showed them that what they had done was wrong and that he wanted to help them do what was right. The boys were put on probation. They became firm friends of the judge and with his help were enabled to lead the right kind of lives.

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These incidents made such an impression upon Judge Lindsey that he decided to see what he could do to change the system of dealing with juvenile delinquents in this country. He began to make investigations, and soon discovered that much too often boys were sent to jail as criminals when all the correction they needed was good fatherly counsel and the privilege of being put on their honor.

Through Ben Lindsey's efforts there was established in Denver a juvenile court of which he was made judge. This court has become famous throughout the world. Many cities both in the United States and abroad have followed the splendid example of Denver.

Ben Lindsey is the friend and advisor of every boy in this country, for he believes that every boy wants to be a good man—a man of whom his friends will be justly proud. His motto is "A city of decent children means a city of decent men and women."

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HERBERT HOOVER—
THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT LET OTHER PEOPLE MAKE UP HIS MIND

HERBERT HOOVER was born in a small Quaker community in Iowa, August 10, 1874. When his father died, the neighbors were naturally concerned about what would become of the quiet, cheerful six-year-old boy.

His father had been a blacksmith in the little town of West Branch, Iowa, and the neighbors thought the boy intended to do the same work that his father had done. "Now that Herbert has lost his father," they

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said, "I suppose he will have to be a farmer instead of a blacksmith. It is too bad because he would have made a good blacksmith under his father's training."

Some people have an idea that they can plan a boy's future for him. They felt certain that Herbert Hoover, who had lost the opportunity of learning blacksmithing, must become a farmer. But the boy had no intentions of being either a blacksmith or a farmer.

Around his father's blacksmith shop little Herbert Hoover was always a quiet, pensive boy. If people had not known him except to see him "daydreaming" about the shop, they would have called him either lazy or stupid. But they knew that the little fellow was neither, that he was bright, cheerful, and always ready to do whatever work he could.

His mother died when Herbert was ten years old. He had a brother, three and a half years older than himself, and a little sister. Fortunately there were many kind relatives to take good care of the Hoover children.

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Herbert lived with an uncle in Iowa where he went to the village school. His relatives later decided that he should go to live with an uncle in Oregon where he could attend a good Quaker academy.

After attending the academy for several years, the desire to go out into the world and make his own way became too strong to resist. He wanted to go where he could be independent and prepare himself for college.

"You will come tramping back all the way afoot," his boy chums told him. But his boy chums were slightly in error, for when Herbert came back he had plenty of money in his pocket and, what is better, his daydreams had all come true! The blacksmith's orphaned son had traveled around the world, had had many adventures, and had talked with kings and emperors.

In Portland, Oregon, Herbert secured a job as office boy in a real estate office. He devoted his evenings and odd hours during the day to constant study for he was making a strenuous effort to prepare for college.

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He wanted to learn mining engineering. He read about Leland Stanford Junior University, just then founded, and the good course in mining engineering to be had there.

In the fall of 1891 he started forth with his few belongings, taking with him the money he had saved, and was one of the first students to arrive at the great California university.

He had to earn his living and he did so in various ways, always using his ability as an organizer. For example, he organized a system of collecting and distributing the laundry of the university boys, for which he was remunerated. He arranged for concerts and lectures to be given at the University by certain noted people who were filling engagements in San Francisco.

Because of his remarkable ability as an organizer he became active in the affairs of the college. In his senior year he reorganized the student body affairs, putting them upon a firm foundation.

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He spent his summer vacations working in the mines. In 1895 he was graduated from Leland Stanford Junior University as a mining engineer. After graduation he worked in the mines for several months, and then went to San Francisco and asked a certain big mining engineer for a position with him.

"I only need a typist," said the engineer.

"All right, I will take the job," replied Mr. Hoover, adding that he would come the following Tuesday.

He could not report for duty until that time for, in the intervening four days, he had to learn to write on the typewriter. He was so anxious to become associated with this big mining engineer that he was willing to take any kind of job that he would offer him. Before long he was several times promoted and had proved himself to be a valuable man to his employer.

In the spring of 1897 there was a big mining boom in West Australia. Mr. Hoover's employer had been asked by a London firm

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to recommend a man for them to send to West Australia. The employer thought that this was a great opportunity for Mr. Hoover, who was very glad to accept the offer.

He spent about two years in Australia where he was singularly successful and was then recommended for the position of Director-General of Mines for the Chinese Empire.

Later he became a member of a big British mining firm and traveled to almost every part of the world. After a few years he went into business for himself, carrying out every undertaking in a most successful way, as he had always done in the past.

Mr. Hoover was in London when the war broke out. Many thousands of Americans appealed to him to help them get home. The admirable way in which he handled the situation was another proof of his great ability. Then came the call for an able American to direct the relief work in Belgium, and all the world knows how well he handled that commission.

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When the United States went into the war and it became necessary to conserve food to feed our rapidly growing army and our allies and some of the neutral nations, the government asked Herbert Hoover to become food administrator, or controller of the food for the United States.

After Mr. Harding was elected president of the United States, he asked Mr. Hoover to become secretary of commerce. Mr. Hoover has very ably filled this position.

Mr. Hoover has always known how to face practical problems. This boy was practical enough to know that he must have an education, otherwise his daydreams would never come true.

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JOHN J. PERSHING—
WHOSE PERSEVERANCE FITTED HIM FOR HIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY

WHEN the man whom everybody knows as the commander of the American Expeditionary Forces during the World War was eighteen years old, he taught school in a country district of Missouri, called Prairie Mound.

Even at that early age, young John Pershing understood the value of discipline and obedience, and his school had less disorder than any other school in that section of the country.

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The firmness and fearlessness with which young Pershing governed his school are characteristic of his whole life. This same firmness and fearlessness were evident in the fighting spirit which General Pershing carried to France with him, in his great work in the World War.

Laclede, a little town in Missouri, claims to be the birthplace of General Pershing. He was born near there on September 13, 1860.

His father went to Missouri as a railroad section foreman, and later opened a store in Laclede and became postmaster. John went to the public school and also worked on his father's farm which was not far from the village.

With a view to earning money so that he might continue his education he taught school. He saved every cent that he could and soon entered the State Normal School at Kirksville, Missouri. He was not a particularly brilliant pupil but did all of his work well.

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When John Pershing's father was postmaster in Laclede, the office was robbed. John worked hard to help his father make good the loss.

John Pershing always used his brains just as any intelligent youth can and should do. One of the instances of his sagacity was his decision to try the competitive examination for entrance into West Point which was being held at that time. "It is a great chance for more education," he said. Young Pershing won the appointment by passing the examination just one point ahead of his nearest competitor.

Not feeling that he was sufficiently well prepared to enter upon the strenuous work which he had before him at West Point, young Pershing decided to attend the Highland Military Academy at Highland Falls, New York. Here again he did his work steadily and earnestly.

In July, 1882, John Pershing entered the United States Military Academy at West Point. His four years there were very happy

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ones. In his last year the Superintendent of the Academy appointed him senior cadet captain, an honor of which he was extremely proud. He was also president of his class.

After his graduation from West Point in 1886 he assumed his military duties as second lieutenant in the Sixth Cavalry. In September, 1891, he became professor of military science and tactics at the University of Nebraska. From there he went to West Point as an instructor.

Lieutenant Pershing found his first opportunity for active service in the Spanish-American War. Here he proved his great ability as a soldier. General Baldwin said of him at that time, "Pershing is the coolest man under fire I ever saw."

After serving at several posts John Pershing, who was now Brigadier General, was sent to Mexico in pursuit of Villa.

John Pershing was a regular all-round boy. His old friends say that whatever he did he did with all his might, and that he was very level-headed and dependable.

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Most of the successful men of to-day were, in their boyhood, much like young Pershing and they became successful because they persevered in their work, whatever it happened to be.

General John Pershing, commander of the American soldiers who went to France, did not leap into fame and success overnight. He went steadily forward from barefoot boyhood days in the little town of Laclede to his study days at Kirksville Normal School, and then to West Point. From there he went on up through the service until to-day he is one of the world's heroes.

His army life is history that anyone may read. By seeking all the education possible and by learning the value of work, he equipped himself, all unknowingly, for the position he now holds.

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LUTHER BURBANK—
THE BOY WHO LOVED FLOWERS

A SMALL boy stood in the center of a field of wild flowers.

"Mother, aren't the wild flowers wonderful?" he asked.

His mother smiled. She could understand the boy's appreciation of the beautiful blossoms, but a neighbor who had accompanied them on their walk along the New England hillside frowned.

"Wild flowers are all right," agreed the neighbor, "but I do not like these daisies. They are pests to have in any field."

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The small boy looked hurt. It was not the first time he had heard the daisy called a pest, but he loved it just as much as the violet, the delicate anemone, the purple gentian, or the stately goldenrod. In his boy's heart he said that some day he was going to make the daisy just as much liked as the rest of the wild flowers.

He never forgot that promise to himself and the field daisy! Years later, when the world called that boy, Luther Burbank, the Plant Wizard, one of his achievements had been the cultivation of the common field daisy until it became a beautiful flower that people wanted in their gardens.

Luther Burbank started life as a farmer's son. He was born on a farm at Lancaster, Massachusetts, March 7, 1849. The happiest days of his early life were spent in the fields. He attended a local academy in Lancaster, but he learned more in the out-of-doors, for from his earliest boyhood he was interested in watching things grow. The trees and flowers were his real playmates.

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The neighbors thought him a very bright lad, but one with strange ideas. His mother, however, understood his interest in seeds and plants. She realized, when her son was very young, that he had inherited the family love for agriculture.

When Luther Burbank was sixteen years old he went to work in a factory. He was a shy, serious lad, interested in the work, but still more interested in the things that grow.

When he had been there a few months he thought of an improvement to a machine that would mean a great deal to the company for which he was working. After giving the matter careful thought he made a model and decided that he would show it to the manufacturer. He also decided that he would tell him at the same time that he was going to give up his work in the factory so as to spend all his time working with plants.

The manufacturer was greatly impressed with young Burbank's new idea. In fact, he was so pleased with the lad's interest in his work that he told him he was going to give

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him a large increase in salary. Luther Burbank was not to be tempted with money. He quickly told the manufacturer that he had other ambitions.

"I am glad you like the machine I invented," the shy boy said resolutely, "and thank you for offering me so much money, but I do not want to work in a shop. I want to study the plants and be out of doors where I can grow flowers and vegetables, and...." he stopped suddenly, fearing that the man would laugh at him.

But the manufacturer did not laugh. He had been watching the tall, silent, hard-working boy for several months, and somehow he felt that Luther Burbank was going to be a famous man. So the manufacturer offered young Burbank his hand.

"I am sorry to lose you, Luther," he said, "but I cannot blame you. Good luck to you and I hope that you can dig to your heart's content."

Luther hurried home to tell his mother the news. She was glad that her son was going

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to start his real life's work. That very afternoon Luther Burbank went into his mother's garden to start the work that was to make him world famous. He began by raising vegetables for the market.

About this time young Burbank read an article in the county newspaper which said that the potatoes of the country were very inferior, and it occurred to him that he could start his cultivation experiments with the potato.

He worked very hard. By cultivating and enriching the land, picking out the best seed, caring for the small plants and then for the ripening potatoes, Luther Burbank finally developed a potato so large that when it was exhibited at the county fair it was the talk of the neighborhood.

As Luther Burbank's experiments with fruits and flowers grew more and more successful, he realized that he could do better if he were away from the cold winters of New England. So he decided to go to California where he could carry on his experimental

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farming unhindered by the great changes of climate. In order to get the money needed for the journey, he sold his Burbank potatoes to a Massachusetts seedsman, reserving but ten for himself for seed purposes. He then started for Santa Rosa, California.

The Burbank potato was Luther Burbank's first great experiment in plant growing; and it made him famous, even though he was still a very young man. Because of the improvement which he made in the potato the yearly income from the farms in the United States has been increased by over seventeen million dollars.

Since that time Luther Burbank has experimented with the growing of thousands of different varieties of plants and flowers. Many of his improvements in the horticultural world are of great economic value.

He has developed a cactus without spines or "prickers," which makes excellent food for cattle. Also by careful cultivation he has developed extra large plums, prunes, cherries, apples, and peaches. He has also pro-

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duced the seedless variety of many fruits. He has developed wonderful new varieties of flowers, berries, vegetables, and grasses, all of which are helpful in our daily living. His work has increased the food supply of the world tremendously.

Luther Burbank still lives at Santa Rosa, California, and to-day he is just the same as he was as a boy—a busy, modest, sincere man, who dislikes a lazy man or woman. The floods of praise that have come to him have never hindered his work, and he lives a clean, high, noble life. He is a man who stands for the truest type of American citizenship.

And now, just as when he was a boy climbing over the New England hillsides, Luther Burbank loves the flowers of the field.

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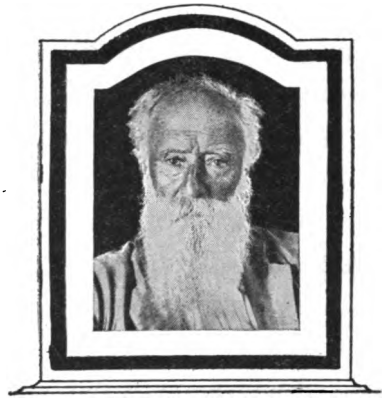

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JOHN BURROUGHS—
WHO FOUND HIS HAPPINESS OUT OF DOORS

JOHN BURROUGHS was born on a farm near Roxbury, New York, April 3, 1837, the seventh child of a large family. His great-grandparents had come into New York state from Connecticut, and had cleared enough land for a farm. On a near-by farm the boy who later in life was known as America's greatest naturalist, lived the life of a pioneer.

"Only the boy who has worn cowhide boots, and a homespun shirt can really know

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what discomfort is," John Burroughs once said in speaking of his early life. "The boots were made by the village shoemaker. Often, on a cold morning, when we arrived at school we had to sit around the fire until our boots thawed out. They were so stiff and heavy that we always needed someone to help us pull them off at night. We had home-spun shirts which were very rough when new, but became soft after many washings. These shirts were made from flax that we cultivated on our land.

"Our socks and mittens were made from the wool from our own sheep, and the goose feathers for our pillows and 'feather' beds also came from our farm. Our lights were tallow 'dips.' We never bought anything; even our pencils were of soft slate that we found in the hills, and our fishing lines were made of braided horse hair."

John Burroughs' father was a hard-working man, who paid his debts, went to church regularly, and read practically nothing except his hymn book and his Bible. When

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John began to show a great interest in books the father was amazed. Mr. Burroughs did not discourage his son in his ambition to become a writer, but he did not help him to reach the desired goal. He could never understand why his son John loved the out-of-doors so keenly for to him it meant only hard work on the farm.

Someone once asked John Burroughs if his early boyhood life in the woods was not something like the out-of-door life of a boy scout of to-day.

"Well, I was a boy scout on my own initiative in my boyhood," Mr. Burroughs replied. He knew every inch of the land about his home, and before he was fourteen years old he had made a study of the animals of his neighborhood, their homes, and their food. And he did his good turn every day.

All of this study created in him a desire to tell boys and girls what he had learned about nature. To prepare himself to write well about his beloved out-of-doors he studied every book available.

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John's desire to obtain the books which were essential to a well-rounded development was very keen. Once when his father did not think it necessary to buy an algebra which the boy wanted, John went out and tapped the maple trees about the farm, collected the sap, and made maple sugar of it. Then he walked to the nearest town, where he sold his maple sugar and bought the book he desired.

John Burroughs was seventeen years old when he left home to go to work. He had heard that in the next county he could probably get a position as a school teacher. Such a position seemed desirable as it would give him an opportunity to study, as well as to earn money. He walked twelve miles from his home in Roxbury, New York, to meet the stage which would take him to a small settlement in Ulster County where the school was located. There he applied for the position and obtained it after a few days.

He began to write his wonderful stories of nature when he was about twenty-five years

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Before He Was Fourteen Years Old He Had Made A Study Of The Animals Of The Neighborhood.

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old. He wrote of the birds and small animals he had known back on his boyhood farm at Roxbury. From his very first writings, John Burroughs was recognized as a great lover of nature.

About this time he went to live in Washington, D. C., where he became a clerk in the Treasury Department. He held this position for nine years, and then spent about eleven years as a bank examiner in New York state. All through these years his greatest joys came from the out-of-doors, and he divided his leisure moments between his writings and his study of animal and plant life. He once said that whenever he wrote about his experiences in the woods and fields he lived them all over again.

In 1885 John Burroughs retired from business so that he might spend his entire time on his farm near West Park, Ulster County, New York. It was a beautiful spot, the land sloping towards the edge of the Hudson River. The house was built of stone which he helped to dig from the earth.

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There on his farm, John Burroughs studied anew the birds and little beasts he had loved in his youth. There he wrote his most famous books, and played host to the friends who visited him. He was a friend of Walt Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Theodore Roosevelt was a frequent visitor at Mr. Burroughs' home, and the two men often tramped over the Catskill Mountains together. Thomas Edison was another of John Burroughs' closest friends.

Although he lived apart from the world, and did not like the rush and hurry of the great cities, John Burroughs was keenly interested in all the great world movements, such as the recent war. In his later years, great honors came to him, but they never took his attention from his work and his friends.

On the top of a high hill at the back of his Hudson River farm he built himself a log cabin which he called "Slabsides," and there he spent most of his time. One of his sources

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of exercise was the chopping of his own wood. He always kept a sharp ax beside a wood pile that was never allowed to grow small.

John Burroughs once said that he felt he was the richest man in the world, for he had lived out of doors, had loved nature, and had been contented with the good things that nature gave him. Thousands of American girls and boys have learned to love the woods and fields because of his writings.

"I never tried to drive sharp bargains with life," Mr. Burroughs said. "I have been contented with fair returns. I have never cheated at the game of life. My own success has come to me mainly, I think, because I should never have known the difference if it had not come. I have had all and more than I deserve."

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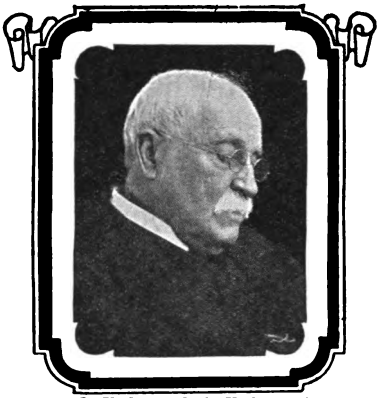

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS—
THE BOY PRINTER WHO BECAME A GREAT EDITOR AND AUTHOR

A BOY of ten walked into his father's newspaper and printing office one afternoon and climbed upon a high stool before a rack of type.

"Father, I am going to write when I grow up. I am going to write just like you do."

"That will be fine," the father said as he smiled at his little boy. "Keep on studying and working, and some day you will be famous." The boy was pleased to hear such encouraging words.

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"I think I will be a printer, too," he went on. "I will be a printer like you, but I think I would like to print books and magazines better than newspapers."

The man's interest was quickened.

"How would you like to start printing right now? I will teach you how to set type if you will really try to learn."

The boy's eyes beamed as he eagerly accepted the offer. He became so interested in his typesetting lessons that in a short time he could set type as well as his father.

The boy's name was William Dean Howells. He came to be regarded as one of the greatest of American authors and magazine editors, a man who had worked hard, and had never ceased to forget that the price of success is constant labor.

William Dean Howells was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, on March 1, 1837. When he was about three years old the family moved to Hamilton, Ohio. His father was a printer and newspaper editor. The boy took great delight in running into the printing

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shop to watch the making of his father's newspaper.

Although he was a very studious lad he was particularly fond of outdoor life, and of the birds and small animals in the woods near his home.

When young Howells was twelve years old his family moved to Dayton, Ohio, where his father bought a newspaper. After a short time the newspaper failed, and the family became very poor.

His mother's brothers owned a tract of farm and woodland along the Miami River, not far from Hamilton, Ohio; and it was to this land that the Howells family moved. There Mr. Howells started farming, which he hoped would make a living for them.

On this property there was a rough cabin, which Mr. Howells made livable for his family. He patched the roof, relaid the floors, and filled up all cracks through which the winter winds might come. Then, in order to make the rooms warmer, he decided to put on several layers of paper.

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Wall paper was very expensive and hard to get at that time. One day when Mr. Howells went to town for supplies he stopped at the post office. The postmaster gave him a barrel of old newspapers that had never been claimed.

Mr. Howells took the barrel home, and he and William papered the house with several layers of newspapers. When winter came William used to stand for hours reading the old stories and news items that were pasted on the walls.

It was a life of hardship that the Howells family lived in their cabin, for they were poor and the winter was severe. Their chief joy was a box of books which was sent to them by relatives and which William read and reread. He loved books, and even though he was only a young boy he began to learn to write stories. When spring came young Howells had a wonderful time playing with the boys from the neighboring farms.

One of the delights of young Howells' life was to be allowed to drive into town with his

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father. During these visits he always made a point of going into the office of the local paper and talking to the foreman of the printing department. This man did not believe that the young boy could really set type until William showed him how proficient he was.

One day when the foreman had a big job on hand, and his printer was ill, he drove out to the cabin in the country to offer the boy his first newspaper job. Young as he was William Howells was very anxious to earn money for his family, in spite of the fact that it meant his leaving home and going to live in town.

This marked the beginning of his literary career. He not only set type but began to write articles and editorials about local happenings. He advanced steadily in his chosen work and finally became a newspaper editor.

A young man as industrious as William Howells was sure to attract attention outside of his own little town. He was not a politician, but he was interested in politics.

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This interest showed in his newspaper writings.

When President Lincoln was looking for a young man to become the United States consul at Venice, Italy, in 1861, he remembered the Ohio boy, William Howells, and offered him the post. Mr. Howells accepted, serving his country as consul for four years.

On his return to the United States, Mr. Howells contributed regularly to The *Nation* and occasionally to the *New York Times* and the *New York Tribune.* By this time he had become a noted writer, and his books and short plays were very popular. He became the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and later accepted an editorial position on *Harper's Magazine.* Mr. Howells was a very busy man for he wrote continuously throughout his life. Despite this fact, however, he always found time to give encouragement to young writers.

A great honor came to William Dean Howells in 1904 when the National Institute of Arts and Letters, of which he was a mem-

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ber, chose him as one of seven to form the American Academy of Arts and Letters of which body he was elected president.

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HENRY WATTERSON—
THE BOY WHO PERSEVERED

A YOUNG man named Henry Watterson, who looked older than his seventeen years, stood frowning at the letter in his hand.

"They will not make a book of my poems," he said, "but just the same I am going to keep on writing until I really succeed."

It was a grave disappointment to Henry that the book he had written should be rejected by the publishers. He did not need the money that the sale of the book would bring, but he was still young and had not yet

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fully learned to take the disappointments of life with the same spirit with which he accepted the joys. He had learned, however, to keep on trying, realizing that success must come to the man who perseveres.

Both his mother and his father were wealthy, and their son had every advantage that could be given him. He was not a strong boy, however. In spite of his ill health young Watterson was a very active lad, and from the time that he could read and write he was interested in books and newspapers.

His grandparents lived in Tennessee where the family spent part of each year. When he was very young the trip was made by stagecoach and took ten or twelve days. Later, when the first railroads were opened, the journey was shortened to four days.

The boy's grandfather was a prominent politician, who had numerous friends in the political circle in which he moved, so Henry met many of the famous men of that day. One of his earliest remembrances was of be-

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ing taken to visit Andrew Jackson, who had returned to his farm after his term as president.

When young Watterson grew up he was asked if his life had not held many disappointments. "Disappointments?" he replied. "Certainly. I remember when I went to see Mr. Jackson. He was called 'Old Hickory,' and I had an idea that he always carried a big hickory stick with which he ruled people. I was keenly disappointed when I looked for the hickory stick and did not find it."

Harvey Watterson, Henry's father, was a very young man when he was elected to the House of Representatives to fill out the term of James K. Polk, who had been elected governor of Tennessee.

Henry Watterson was born in Washington, D. C., February 16, 1840. As a boy one of his pastimes was to go to the House of Representatives and act as page for the members. His father was one of the editors of the *Washington Union*, so the boy became familiar with the newspaper office.

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At home, at the House of Representatives, and at the newspaper office Henry was constantly hearing two classes of men talk—politicians and newspaper men. It was therefore natural that Henry Watterson should decide, when he was very young, that he would be both a politician and a newspaper man when he grew up, an ambition that he actually carried out.

In spite of the fact that his father was a rich man, young Watterson liked to earn his own money. He happened to be in the office of the paper of which his father was editor when Mr. Barnum, who afterwards founded Barnum and Bailey's Circus, sent in word that he wanted three or four boys to sell programs at a concert that night to be given by the famous singer, Jenny Lind.

Young Watterson heard this message delivered, and went at once to see Mr. Barnum. He bargained with the famous showman, and said that he would get three other boys to help sell the programs. The boys were to receive five cents for each one that they sold.

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In addition to this, young Watterson asked for a seat at the concert, and Mr. Barnum finally agreed to give it to him. He made over five dollars selling programs, and also had the opportunity of hearing the most famous singer of that day.

All this time Henry Watterson was carefully studying the newspapers and writing verse and short articles. He managed to sell some of his poems to the magazines, but his book of verse was rejected, as was his first novel which he wrote while he was still in his teens.

In Washington he obtained a newspaper job, on the *Washington States*, which position he retained for three years, until after the outbreak of the Civil War. He learned a great deal about the business end of the newspaper as well as the editorial work. One of his greatest assignments was the inauguration of Lincoln.

When the Civil War broke out young Henry Watterson, who came from a Southern family, joined the Confederate Army

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and served in various capacities until peace was declared.

At the close of the war, with two of his friends, young Watterson revived the publication of a Nashville paper. In 1868 he became editor-in-chief of the *Louisville Journal* and later that year he joined with another young man in combinnig this publication with the *Courier*, thus establishing the *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

In a short time this became the most famous newspaper in the South, and has remained so to this day. Mr. Watterson never gave up his interest in the paper, but ill health forced him to resign from the active editorship in 1918, when he was seventy-eight years of age.

As an editor Mr. Watterson became famous. Because of his vision of the right kind of a nation he was able, through his newspaper, to help to reconcile the North and the South.

Henry Watterson has often been called the grand old man of the newspaper world,

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and an even more familiar name was "Marse Henry." His life is a splendid example of a young man who, in spite of ill health, persevered until he succeeded in his chosen work.

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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY—
THE COUNTRY BOY WHO BECAME A GREAT POET

A SMALL barefoot boy whose father was the leading lawyer of Greenfield, Indiana, ran through the long grasses of the orchard back of his home, climbed a fence, and, running down the pasture path, reached the edge of the brook where it was broad and rather deep.

His appearance at the swimming hole was hailed by the lads with whom he spent his leisure time, and for an hour they sported in the water. Growing suddenly tired of such

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play the lads climbed the bank where, in the early summer, strawberries grew; and the lips of the boys were soon stained with the red juice.

Later in the season, the near-by orchards offered pears, plums, and early apples. And still later, when the beginning of school days told that summer was over, there were fall apples and grapes to be picked, nuts to be knocked from the trees, and pumpkins to be gathered for Halloween.

Winter, too, had its sports, its days of school fun, of sleighing, of snowballing, and long nights by the fireside, when the older members of the family would tell stories. There would also be socials at the church, or at other lads' homes.

They were happy days—days such as boys brought up in every country town have experienced. But we know more about the days of the boys in Greenfield, for one of the barefoot boys who played in the swimming hole has left behind him a record of his youth, a record in verse that has made men

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call him the most beloved poet in America. This boy was known to Greenfield as Jim Riley; but the world knows him better as James Whitcomb Riley.

James Whitcomb Riley was born October 7, 1853, in Greenfield, Indiana. To all outsiders his early days were just those of an ordinary, healthy country boy.

He went to school, helped with the work at home, and played. He reveled in being out of doors. He loved all the people of his village. He was fond of a joke. That was the boy Greenfield saw; but they did not realize that "the Riley boy" was so filled with the joy of youth that he would always be a boy at heart no matter how many years he lived.

Young Riley's father, who was a prominent lawyer, was very anxious that his son should follow in his footsteps. Accordingly, he urged the boy to study law in his office.

Jim Riley was a bright boy, and a good boy. He tried to study law, but soon realized that he was not fitted for this profession. Every once in a while he would glance out of

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the window towards the open fields beyond the town. It was summer, and the woods and fields called him.

Young Riley was not strong and the confinement in the law office affected his health. He was advised to spend more time outdoors.

One day as he looked out of the window he saw a strange procession coming along the main street. There was a large painted wagon which belonged to what was known as a "medicine show." In those days medicine shows were very common, traveling about the country in large wagons and giving shows in the public square.

Jim Riley went to the medicine show that night. He talked to the man in charge, and said that he wanted to join the show and tour the state. The manager needed a helper, and young Riley was willing to work for a small salary; so that night when the show left town, Jim went along.

Up and down the roads of Indiana they traveled that summer. Jim's duties were

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light and pleasant. He advertised the show by chalking signs on barns and fences, and at night he beat the drum which attracted the crowds.

Then fall came. The days began to grow shorter, and the nights cold. People no longer came to the public squares, so the medicine show was closed for the season.

Later young Riley and several other boys made a tour of the surrounding country as sign painters. Jim enjoyed this type of work because it enabled him to be out of doors.

Jim Riley's father had, by this time, made up his mind that his son was not fitted for the law. The boy wanted to write, and his father urged him to do so.

During his journeying through Indiana young Riley had met the editor of a paper in Anderson, and he now went to that town to accept the position of local editor on the *Anderson Democrat.*

It was about this time that Jim Riley first began to write poems. Gradually his verses came to be known outside of Anderson. One

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of his greatest admirers was the editor of the *Kokomo* (Indiana) *Despatch*, who reprinted almost everything the boy wrote.

Young Riley became such a favorite that the editor of the *Indianapolis Journal* made him an offer to come to Indianapolis and write poems exclusively for that paper. While there, he wrote a poem that every boy in America loves to read, "The Old Swimmin' Hole." It was published under the name of Benj. F. Johnson instead of his own. The next year Jim Riley, still using the name Johnson, published a small book of poems. The public, however, soon learned that Johnson was none other than James Whitcomb Riley.

No one can read Mr. Riley's poems without realizing that his love for children was very great. Most of his verses are founded on incidents in his own youth, or in the youth of the boys and girls he knew. James Whitcomb Riley is beloved throughout the world, and his poems will remain dear to the hearts of all who read them.

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EDWARD ALEXANDER MACDOWELL—
WHO BECAME AMERICA'S GREATEST COMPOSER

"EDWARD, you simply must practice your music lesson. Do not sit there just making chords on the piano," his mother called from the next room.

Edward MacDowell answered his mother by opening his music book and starting his scales. He then tried a difficult exercise which he did not like to play. For a few minutes he worked industriously, but presently his fingers wandered from the scales, and he was "making chords" again—soft

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music that he loved but which had nothing to do with his lesson.

His parents and his music teacher thought that making chords was a bad habit for Edward to develop, not at all realizing that when the boy's attention strayed from his lesson he was really learning music. They could not foresee that soon he would be known all over the world as America's greatest composer and a pianist of renown.

Edward Alexander MacDowell was born in New York City, December 18, 1861. He was of Irish descent, and from babyhood he heard the lilting melodies of that race. His parents were very well educated, and were considered wealthy.

Edward MacDowell's father was an artistic man, fond of music and painting. However, his parents, Edward's grandmother and grandfather, had objected to their son's following an artistic career. When Mr. MacDowell discovered that his son Edward had considerable talent and love for the piano he helped the boy in every way possible.

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Edward MacDowell had three great joys during his youth; music, drawing, and the out-of-doors. He would listen to music by the hour. One day a friend of the family, who was a splendid musician, offered to give Edward piano lessons. The boy was then about eight years old.

Edward did not learn quickly, chiefly because he did not like to practice his regular lessons. He loved music and preferred to make soft chords that held melodies. Even as a boy he had ideas about composing.

By the time he was ten or eleven years old Edward MacDowell had learned enough about music to make him realize that he wanted to make it his life's work. He went to school, and played with the other boys. All the time the birds and flowers were suggesting melodies to him. Later one of his well-known pieces was "To a Wild Rose," a flower he gathered in great quantities when a boy.

By the time Edward MacDowell was fifteen years of age, he had studied with sev-

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eral of the most famous pianists of the United States, and had talked with so many people about the conservatories of Europe that he begged his father to let him go abroad to study.

His father and mother talked over the subject at great length, and finally decided that Edward and his mother should go abroad. In April, 1876, Edward entered the Paris Conservatory of Music.

Edward was a good student, but he was a shy boy, and his talent did not always shine as brightly as it might have done if he had been more aggressive. He was handicapped by not being able to speak French, so his mother engaged a teacher for him. That teacher almost changed Edward MacDowell's whole career.

Edward had always been fond of drawing, and one of his pastimes was to sketch. One day while in his French class he made a sketch of his teacher, which the teacher found. Instead of being angry with the boy, the French teacher was much interested in

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the exact likeness of the sketch and took it to a friend who was a great artist. The artist was so impressed with the boy's drawing that he offered to give Edward MacDowell free instruction.

Mrs. MacDowell was perplexed and wondered what she had better do. She thought it best that Edward should settle the matter himself. He decided in favor of music and so continued his work at the conservatory.

After he had studied in Paris for a time, Mrs. MacDowell and her son went to other conservatories in Europe where Edward studied under great music masters. Everywhere they went, Edward was congratulated on his skill, but he was never overconfident of himself. That was a great quality that followed him all through his life. He was never entirely satisfied with what he did, and never stopped striving to do better.

It was the great musician, Franz Liszt, who helped to bring out the genius of Edward MacDowell. He met the young man while Edward was studying in Germany,

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and asked him to play for him. In the room at the same time was a young Frenchman who afterwards gained considerable fame as a pianist, and when each young man had finished playing, Liszt said to the French boy, "You must bestir yourself if you do not want to be outdone by our young American."

It was about this time that Edward MacDowell really started to compose music. At Liszt's invitation he played his first piano suite at a German music festival in July, 1882. This recital won him instantaneous recognition.

In 1888 Edward MacDowell returned to the United States, and in Boston gave his first concert in his own country. He had gained fame abroad as a composer, teacher, and pianist. All the music lovers who crowded to his first American concerts agreed that he was a composer and pianist of whom they could be proud.

He lived in New York City for some time. However, much of his wonderful work was done at the farm he bought in New Hamp-

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shire, where he could be out of doors with the birds and trees, and stroll in the green fields.

Edward Alexander MacDowell has given us music of a rare and beautiful order. It has been said of him that he is the greatest musical genius America has produced.

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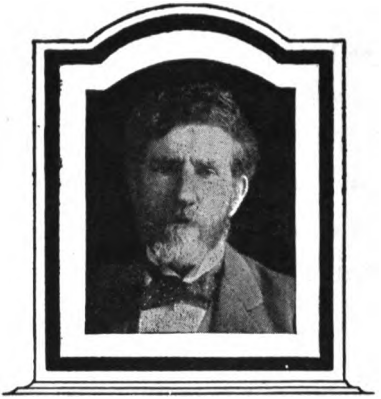

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AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS—
THE BOY WHO STUDIED AT NIGHT TO MAKE HIMSELF A FAMOUS SCULPTOR

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS was born in Dublin, Ireland, on March 1, 1848, of French-Irish parents. His father and mother brought him to the United States when he was but six months old. They landed in Boston, where they lived for a time.

Later they moved to New York City, where the boy Augustus received his education. Their first home was in the "down-town" section, but Bernard Saint-Gaudens

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soon prospered at his business of shoe manufacturing and moved "uptown," as Twenty-third Street was then considered. He made this change of residence partly because his best customers were in that section, and partly because he wished his children to have country surroundings.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens was always a clever boy. He was fond of his school work, and also fond of outdoor life. From his very earliest school days he was greatly interested in pictures and in statuary. He copied pictures from books, and cut figures from leather that he found in his father's shop.

When Augustus was thirteen years old he was quite tall and looked older than his years. As he was not going to study for a profession, he and his father thought that they should decide upon the line of work to which the lad should be apprenticed, it then being the custom for a boy to work under a skilled man and so learn a trade.

Bernard Saint-Gaudens, the boy's father, would have liked his son to take up his own

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line of work—shoemaking—but he saw that the boy was not interested in boots and shoes. In those days, of course, there were no big factories turning out shoes by the hundred pairs. A shoemaker had a large shop where several men worked, stitching leather to make foot covering for the people of the city.

Augustus knew exactly what work he wanted to do. He wanted to enter the shop of a man named Avet, who was a stone cameo cutter. At that time cameos were the most fashionable jewels for ladies. Making cameos by cutting family portraits or little scenes on stones was delicate work, but the boy who had played at mud pies and cut figures out of the scraps of leather about his father's shop liked skillful labor.

His father agreed to let him work for the cameo cutter, and Augustus started to serve his apprenticeship. At the end of about three years, he went to work for a shell cameo cutter, named Jules LeBrethon, remaining with him three years.

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He Copied Pictures From Books, And Cut Figures From Leather That He Found In His Father's Shop

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Augustus Saint-Gaudens had not been at work very long before he decided that he wished to know more about art and sculpture than he was learning in Avet's shop. He knew that he could study in the free evening classes at Cooper Institute, so he applied for admission to the drawing school there. He studied there for four years.

He then began to attend the classes at the National Academy of Design, learning all that he could and making friends with the best artists of the day. He always worked to better himself, doing his work again and again until it was perfect.

Bernard Saint-Gaudens became greatly interested in his son's work, and when many people, who had also become interested in the genius of the lad, said he ought to be sent abroad to study, Augustus' father consented.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens studied first in Paris, and then went to Rome. His work was almost immediately recognized as having a fine quality. After a few years in

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France and Italy, he returned to the United States and began to accept orders for statues.

One of his earliest public works was a statue in honor of Admiral Farragut, which was placed in Madison Square Park in New York City. Saint-Gaudens also made for New York City the notable statue of Peter Cooper and the large statue of General Sherman on his horse.

For Chicago, he made one of the most famous statues of Abraham Lincoln that is in existence. His statue known as the "Shaw Memorial," which is on the Boston Common, is considered by some critics to be Saint-Gaudens' masterpiece.

In a very few years he became known as the greatest American sculptor; and his work is as much admired abroad as it is in this country.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens did not work quickly and did not accept orders for work unless he felt that he was quite capable of carrying out the idea desired.

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When he was a boy learning his art he studied slowly and refused to give up any piece of work he had started until he was satisfied with it. This habit of careful work remained with him throughout his life. He spent nearly twelve years working on the "Shaw Memorial," refusing to allow the statue to be placed on view until he felt that it was the best work he could accomplish with the subject.

During the later years of his life Augustus Saint-Gaudens lived and worked at Cornish, New Hampshire. The honors that the world heaped on him did not take his attention from his art.

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